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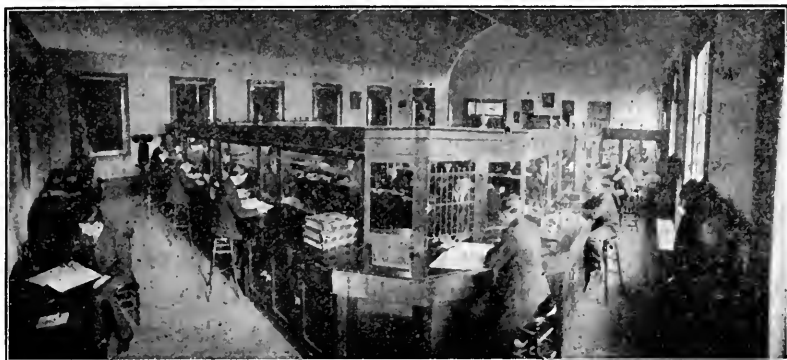


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IMPROVEMENT ERA.

VOL. IX.

MARCH, 1906.

No. 5.

CONCERNING THE EDUCATION OF YOUNG MEN.

BY MILTON BENNION, M. A., PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY, UNIVERSITY
OF UTAH.

I.—THE MEANING OF EDUCATION.

“Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.” This is a statement of the highest ideal of life. Education is the process of attaining that ideal. This process has been described by educators as “love and service to God and man,” which is quite in agreement with the teachings of Jesus. Let us look into the meaning of this phrase.

In order that a person may render the greatest service, he must discipline his feelings, and perfect and control all his powers. The perfection of his powers includes both the mental and the physical; and physical perfection means, not merely growth in size and strength, but rather health and control, both positive and negative. Negative control means subjection of the bodily passions and appetites to reason, and the higher feelings; positive control is the ability to do things that require well-directed bodily ac-

tivity. "A sound mind in a sound body," was the old Roman ideal of education, revived and elaborated by John Locke, who gave this splendid advice in regard to soundness of body: "Plenty of open air, exercise, and sleep, plain diet, no wine or strong drink, and very little or no physic." This may be reinforced and supplemented by the teachings of the Church in the "Word of Wisdom," and the admonition to be clean and chaste in body and mind.

But this implies a discipline of the feelings, because there is an interdependence between feelings and bodily states. Let us consider the subject a moment from this standpoint. A Greek teacher wisely said that his business was to lead boys to love the right, and the same truth has been a little more broadly put in the statement that education consists in a just distribution of affection; that is, education demands that we shall love in due proportion those things that are worthy of love, and that we shall hate and fear the things that we ought to hate and fear. "Thou hast loved righteousness, and hated iniquity: therefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows."

The perfection of the intellectual powers comes through using them, in acquiring knowledge and applying it, and in creative works, such as planning things, inventing, and, in general, thought production. Great authors sometimes speak of their works as their intellectual children. This creative activity appears in the games and fancies of childhood, and is again manifest with renewed energy and in manly fashion during the period of youth. The youthful imagination may properly soar to its greatest heights in the realm of the ideal and the beautiful, only let its products be sane and worthy of realization. In practical life this creative power is normally manifest in the planning of homes, of industries, the formation of new states and minor civic communities, the drafting of new laws, and the founding of new institutions. Intellectual development is commonly viewed from the standpoint of the acquirement of knowledge. Although this is an inadequate view, it represents an important phase of the subject. We may speak of it as a process of coming into possession of what is most significant in the accumulated knowledge and experience of the race. Education implies knowledge and appreciation of literature,

art, science, religion, and civic institutions. On the part of each individual, it is a process of constructing a world in his own consciousness. The minute structure of things and myriad forms of life are not a part of his world until he has studied the sciences that reveal to him this world by means of the microscope. The study of the solar system in all its parts, and the innumerable stars in infinite space, moving with a harmony and majesty that seem divine, enlarges his world beyond description to the wholly uninitiated in science. Likewise the study of languages, literature, and history, brings into his world the great and good of all time, the philosophy and art of the Greeks, the laws and civic life of the Romans, the religious fervor and practical wisdom of the Hebrews, and so on through all the ages and all historic peoples.

This idea of education as world-building has been made the basis of a philosophy of education by the late Thomas Davidson, and has been worked out by him into a beautiful, idealistic conception of life. While this view seems to emphasize the mere expansion of the intellect, it includes the feeling for the objects of one's world, and active relations with them. Here is Mr. Davidson's fundamental thought: "There are as many worlds as there are men. Some are small but well-ordered; some small and ill-ordered; some large and well-ordered; some large and ill-ordered. Some again are rigidly bounded; others are continually expanding. The small well-ordered world gives us the ordinary, respectable citizen, who conforms to the current morality, offends no one, attends to his family, and his business, leaves a good name behind him, and has a grave-stone in the cemetery. Such men form the stable element in every society, and it is well that there are many of them. The small, ill-ordered world gives us the burdens of society, the parasites and ordinary criminals, the men and women who are in destitution, or else are trying to save themselves from it by some form of beggary, theft, or violence. Such a world is poor, fragmentary and confused; the values and emphasis are all misplaced. It usually contains elements altogether irrational and incapable of co-ordination into any world—prejudices, superstitions, supernaturalisms, and the like. The large, well-ordered world gives us the saints, heroes, and benefactors of humanity, the

thinkers, statesmen, and reformers, the introducers of ideals, the founders of institutions. The large, ill-ordered world gives us the great reprobates and criminals, the Macbeths, the Neros, the Napoleons. The rigidly bounded world gives us the narrow, conservative, the 'old foggy,' or, sometimes, the fanatic of one idea; the continually expanding world gives us the liberal, the reformer, who, instead of fixing his eyes on the past, is continually looking into the future, and making plans for rendering it better than the present." "A pessimist," says Mr. Davidson elsewhere, "proclaims himself a failure in world-building."

Education aims to make the world of each individual large, well-ordered, and continually expanding; but the most imperative demand is that it shall be well-ordered. To whatever extent the intellect may be expanded and developed, and the feelings cultivated, life is yet a failure unless these powers are properly co-ordinated and employed in social service. Character grows out of conduct, and conduct depends primarily upon the will to do. The human organism is such that whatever sort of conduct is initiated tends to repeat itself, until it becomes a habit firmly fixed. The formation of habits, then, should be strictly guarded by the rational will, both to exclude all evil, and to promote the good, by carrying every worthy sentiment into intelligent action.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

SOME WISE SAYINGS.

"There is no secret of success but work." "Would you live long, work hard." "Every man is the architect of his own fortune." "One thing at a time, and that done well." "What has been done can be done again." "Be just and fear not." "Be cautious but bold." It takes infinite patience and courage to compel men to have confidence in you." "Never use what is not your own; never buy what you cannot pay for; never sell what you haven't got." Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." "You cannot dream yourself into a character, you must forge one."

LIFE OF ST. PAUL FOR THE YOUNG.

BY GEORGE LUDINGTON WEED.

CHAPTER XV.

BEGINNING OF THE FIRST MISSIONARY JOURNEY.

Antioch—Simeon's Prophecy—Peter's Vision—Paul's Vision—Five Prophets and Teachers—The Holy Spirit's Call—The Consecration—The Departure—Orontes River—Seleucia—On the Sea—Cyprus—Salamis—Memorials of Barnabas—Barnabas and Saul—Paul and Barnabas—Paphos—Venus, Worship and Temple—Sergius Paulus—Elymas—Punishment for Blasphemy—Royal Convert.

The return of Barnabas and Saul to Antioch was at a most interesting and important time. The city was to become the second capital of Christianity, and the starting-point of missionary tours. The church there, the first to bear the Christian name, was to be the first to send forth messengers of Christ to regions where he was unknown.

The aged Simeon had prophesied that the infant Jesus in his arms was to be a Light to the Gentiles as well as to his own people, the Jews. The risen Lord had commanded, "Go, teach all nations." Peter's vision at Joppa had been a revelation of salvation for all. Saul remembered the trance in Jerusalem in which he heard a voice saying, "I will send thee far hence to the Gentiles;" and was waiting for the time when the Lord would fulfill his purpose concerning him. The church at Antioch had not yet thought of Saul the convert as Paul the apostle.

At the time of his return from Jerusalem with Barnabas,

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they with three other "prophets and teachers" were the most prominent of the Christian community. While praying and fasting they had a revelation of God's will concerning the beginning of mission labors. In that solemn hour the Holy Spirit came upon them in a special manner. There was a sudden answer to their prayers. It came in the form of a command, "Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them."

Whether or not other Christians had part in this service, we may feel assured of their deepest interest in it. It was a sad thing to send away the two whom they most loved, and who were their chief teachers and guides. But they were ready to obey the command for the good of those who had not yet learned of the gospel of Christ. On another day of fasting and prayer there was a solemn ordination of Barnabas and Saul and consecration to their work. From that hour Saul became in a fuller sense than before the apostle of the Gentiles. From that time the city known as the Queen of the East had greater honor, for "that noble missionary river now fertilizing the world had its little fountain-head at Antioch."

Hitherto we have thought of Jerusalem alone as the place whence Paul took his journey. Now we must think of Antioch. From thence he with Barnabas and Mark started on what is known as his First Missionary Tour. The first place toward which they turned was the island of Cyprus.

As Paul left his preaching place in the Street Singon where his success had been so great, and Christian companionship so tender, it was with wide hopes and great expectations, inspired by the thought that he was "sent forth by the Holy Spirit."

If we knew the name of that apostolic barque in which he sailed, it would be cherished as much in Christian homes as *Mayflower* is in American. It sailed down the Syrian Orontes river which winds around the bases of high and precipitous mountains of the Lebanon range, giving richness to its banks adorned with the vine and the fig tree, myrtle, bay, ilex, arbutus, dwarf oak, and English sycamore.

The barque carried a greater than Alexander or Napoleon whose deeds have made memorable the shores of the Mediterranean whither Saul was bound, but with a far different purpose. He

was not seeking his own glory, but that of him whose barque floated on the sea of Galilee, bearing peace and good-will to the multitudes who lined its shores. Saul and his companions gazed on Mount Casius, rising from the edge of the sea to the height of five thousand feet above it. They entered the seaport of Seleucia.

Out on the open sea, they sailed southwestward for Cyprus, whose mountain summits can be seen on a clear day from the mouth of the Orontes. This was the sea which Saul was to traverse again and again; on which he would be four times wrecked; and on whose billows he would spend a day and a night. Yet these were but parts of the trials he was to endure on the sea and on the land. Such were then hidden from him. As we shall see them coming upon him, we shall also and always hear him saying, "None of these things move me." "I count not my life dear unto myself." "I can do all things in him that strengtheneth me." Probably a widower and childless, without any permanent home, with one aim—the glory of his Lord and the good of his fellow-men—he was prepared to go anywhere, and to be, to do, and to suffer whatever might happen on his mission journeys.

A fair wind and a few hours would bring the company to Salamis, the port of Cyprus, familiar from boyhood to Barnabas, and probably to John Mark as a visiting place among his kindred. The ruins of its piers, still visible, tell of its former busy scenes.

As Barnabas met his family and Christian friends, there was no thought of our day when a church and grotto dedicated to him would remind the traveler of the traditions that he was martyred by Nero and buried near Salamis.

Thus far in our story we have spoken of *Barnabas* and Saul. For this there has been good reason. Barnabas has been called "discoverer of Saul." We remember how, when Christians in Jerusalem would not believe the story of Saul's conversion, Barnabas led to them the friend of his youth, his fellow-student in Tarsus and Jerusalem, and inspired their confidence in the converted persecutor, whom they need no longer fear. In their labors together in Antioch and in their mission of charity to Jerusalem, and in their journeys hitherto, Barnabas had been the apparent leader. And now on the island of Cyprus—his old home—his

high social position and landed property which he had sold to help his fellow-Christians, would give him a higher place in the minds of those who knew him than would be given to his less known companion.

Barnabas knew that Saul was a greater man than he, and worthy of higher honor. But he was too good a friend and Christian to care for this. He was not jealous, but had the humble spirit of John the Baptist who declared concerning the Christ, "He must increase, but I must decrease." It was on this journey, immediately after leaving Salamis, that we find the order of their names generally changed. From this time, moreover, Saul dropped that Jewish name for his Roman one of Paul, because perhaps his work was not to be among the Jews so much as the Pagan Romans. So henceforth we read, not of Barnabas and Saul, but Paul and Barnabas.

After "preaching the word of God in the synagogues of the Jews" in Salamis, the three missionaries, including John Mark, continued their journey. They traversed the beautiful and fertile plains of Cyprus which gave it the name of the Blest, and made it the resort of merchants from Egypt, Phœnicia, and Asia Minor. But these missionaries did not seek to enrich themselves with the "corn, wine and oil" which were produced in abundance, or with the diamonds, emeralds, silver, lead, and copper, which its rivers and mines contained. They had "unsearchable riches" which they carried the whole length of the island, about one hundred miles, to Paphos, in the southwestern extremity on the seashore. It was the chief town, and the residence of the Roman governor.

The ignorant pagan inhabitants of Cyprus believed it to be under the protection of a heathen goddess named Venus, whom they also called Cypria. They had a fable that she sprang from the foam of the sea. She was no protection from evil, for the worship of her increased the wickedness of the inhabitants, and of the sailors and others who visited the island. It was so great and of such a kind that we cannot even speak or write about it. Even the worship in her temple was with shameful deeds.

The principal temple of Venus on the island was at Paphos. It was surrounded by beautiful groves of trees that bore delicious

fruit: but these did not remind the whorshippers of the true and holy God.

To this unholy city came Paul and his companions to tell of him and salvation through Christ. Paul wrote in one of his letters, "Not many noble are called" to be Christians. Those whom the world call great because of their power, or riches, or learning, too often think more of such things, belonging to this life only, than they do of things belonging to the world to come. But this is not always true. There are rich men, learned men, men of power who are truly noble and great because they are good. Such an one became the Roman governor, Sergius Paulus, living in Paphos.

There seems to have been a strange dweller in his royal palace, described in Acts (xiii: 6) as "a certain sorcerer, a false prophet, a Jew, whose name was Bar-Jesus." He gave himself the title of Elymas, the wise one, the wizard. He was a deceiver, pretending to work miracles, for which he received much money.

Sergius Paulus heard of Paul and Barnabas, sent for them, and "desired to hear the word of God"—not from curiosity, but because he wanted to know the truth as believed by the Christians of whom he had doubtless heard. Elymas tried to turn the governor away from them and from Jesus whose holy name we supposed he blasphemed. Then "Saul, who is also called Paul,"—the old name now being dropped for the new—sharply but justly reproved him for his great sin. Paul, gazing on the lying impostor, declared him to be "full of all mischief, a child of the devil, an enemy of all righteousness." These were terrible words, but true. Paul, taught by the Holy Spirit, told him of an awful punishment for his sin, saying, "Now behold, the hand of the Lord is upon thee, and thou shalt be blind, not seeing the sun for a season. And immediately there fell on him a mist and a darkness; and he went about seeking some to lead him by the hand." In the royal palace where he had used his pretended wonder-working powers, he groped his way as in a prison of despair.

When the governor saw what was done, he believed Paul, and became a Christian. In the town of Paphos where the vile Venus was worshipped, there was founded a church of the followers of

Jesus, who said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

CHAPTER XVI.

PERGA—"PERIL IN THE WILDERNESS."

Perga in Pamphylia—Situation—Temple of Diana—Return of John Mark to Jerusalem—Supposed Reasons—Paul's Friendship—Mountain Travel—Scenery—Perils of Rivers and Robbers—Mountain Flowers—Plains—Dangers and Annoyances.

"Now when Paul and his company loosed from Paphos, they came to Perga in Pamphylia." So says the writer of the Acts, speaking of Paul as the new leader taking the place of Barnabas.

Perga, near the middle coast of Asia Minor, was beautifully situated in a valley, on the river Cestrus, which cuts its way through the towering rocks. The principal object of interest and sadness to the little company was the evidence of idolatry. As at Antioch and Paphos, they looked upon a heathen temple. The one in Perga was of Diana, on a lofty eminence to which multitudes flocked every year when a festival was held in honor of the goddess.

Paul and Barnabas were saddened by another thing. The simple record is, "John Mark departed from them and returned to Jerusalem." These few words are full of meaning. They tell a story of disappointment and deep sorrow. We are not told why John deserted his companions, but can imagine some reasons. He was young. The novelty of his new missionary life had worn off. Perhaps he was homesick, and thought of his aged mother lonely in Jerusalem, surrounded by persecutors, and wondered if she longed for her absent son though she had consented to his leaving home. Perhaps the young disciple had grown weary of the work in which at first he had been zealous. As he gazed on the Taurus mountains, of whose lawless population he had heard, and whose fastnesses were the abodes of brigands, he may have become terrified. He was not prepared like Paul to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

Paul and Barnabas must have missed his genial spirit and sprightly companionship, and he must have had a lonely voyage back to his home. His mother must have greeted him with a

mingled feeling of love and sorrow. We would not judge him harshly. He repented of his conduct. He was ready to accompany the apostles on another missionary journey: and did so with Barnabas. Paul retained a kindly feeling toward him. Long afterwards, when a Roman prisoner, he wrote to him as "a comfort, and a fellow-worker unto the kingdom of God."

After bidding farewell to John Mark, Paul and Barnabas began the second stage of their journey—from Perga in Pamphylia to Antioch in Pisidia. They first went through a mountainous region, difficult and dangerous to travelers alone and unprotected. It was late spring or early summer, the only seasons in which travel was possible, because of severe cold or drifting snows. Even now there was danger from the melting snows.

Their route lay through narrow valleys between lofty cliffs, down which flowed numberless murmuring cascades through dark forests of pine; while through narrow ravines wildly dashed the "water-floods," such as David prayed might not overflow him. These emptied into larger streams, not gently flowing like the Orontes or the Cydnus with which Paul had become so familiar, but rushing torrents whose peaceful shores were adorned with pomegranate and oleander and mountain flowers. The bridges that spanned them gave no promise of safety; so that Paul long remembered the "peril of rivers" in this region. Here, too, he was in "perils of robbers" of which he ever had fresh memory—as of no other place in all his journeyings. In these mountain glens are yet told, from generation to generation, tales of robber chiefs and wild and lawless clans of savage tribes, who dwelt in caves and castles from which they could not be driven by even Roman armies who quailed before them.

The two pilgrims, staff in hand, follow the slippery paths upon the mountain slopes. The dry heat of the seacoast is changed for the damp, cold mountain air. The bright flowers of the lower region give place to stunted shrubs and plants, except where a few bloom in beds of snow whose whiteness makes brighter and richer the colors of the mountain flowers. The pilgrims find shelter in cave or grotto, glad if it be that of a welcoming shepherd; and sometimes among the friendly pines which protect them from the cold and piercing winds.

At last the scene changes, and they look down from the wintry and rocky steeps, upon the flat and summery table-lands. Descending, they traverse the plains carpeted with green grass and variegated with flowers. There countless herds of cattle are grazing, and shepherd-huts made of goats' hair are reminders of Paul's craft in Tarsus, often the means of gaining his daily bread. His path lies among the lakes of fresh water and salt, over which wild swans are flying, and into which they dip their plumes. Among the reeds and rushes of the morasses the storks stand all day long watching for the straying fish, while the tortoises bask in the shallow pools.

In our thoughts of the two wayfarers we must add to the dangers of the mountains, those trials of which travelers of today tell us—the heavy rains, the overpowering heat, the exhausting fatigue, the annoyance of insects, the blinding storms of dust, the scarcity of even poor provisions. But none of these things, nor all combined, checked their progress, nor cooled their ardor.

CHAPTER XVII.

ANTIOCH IN PISIDIA—ICONIUM.

Antioch in Pisidia—Tentmaking and Preaching—Synagogue and its worship—The Two strangers—Paul's Address—Effect of Paul's Preaching—Solemn Farewell—Persecuting Women and Chief Men—Church Founded—Journey to Iconium—Its Situation—Persecution—Flight.

A week's journey from Perga would bring Paul and Barnabas to Antioch in Pisidia. Unknown and unnoticed they would go to the "strangers' rooms" attached to the synagogue, and secure one in the Jewish quarter. In it Paul would do what he told others to do, "Work with your own hands." Thus busy in tentmaking, he would be equally so with his tongue, teaching all who came to hear the new, strange teacher. His room became not only a lodging-place and a shop, but to some a more sacred place than the synagogue, because there they learn of the risen Savior and believe in him.

Of the latter place there was only one in the city. In form and appearance it was doubtless like those of the present day in the east. It was low and square, without sculptured ornament

such as was found in the Gentile places of worship. On one side was lattice work behind which sat the women veiled and silent. In front of them was the reader's desk. Near it, facing the congregation, sat Rabbis and Pharisees in the chief seats of the synagogue.

As each worshiper entered he covered his head. Prayer was offered by one called "the angel of the synagogue." He stood, as also the congregation did, facing Jerusalem. Behind a curtain were kept the sacred rolls—the writings of the Old Testament. Prayer was followed by the reading of the Scriptures in Hebrew, which was unknown to the Jews in Antioch, and so were translated into Greek by an interpreter who stood by the reader. There was no regular preacher. Any one might be asked to speak.

Paul was a Rabbi and Barnabas was an educated man. But they did not have the spirit of those whom Christ reproved because in pride they loved the chief seats; so the apostle sat with the congregation. Many in the synagogue may have heard of the two strangers and were glad when they accepted an invitation to speak. Without going into the pulpit, "Paul stood up, and, beckoning with his hand," began his address. As is said of Jesus in Nazareth, "the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him." He then preached his first recorded sermon. It was concerning that same Jesus—forgiveness of sins and salvation through him, and especially his resurrection from the dead.

There was great interest in Paul's discourse. Gentiles rejoiced in the good news that salvation was offered to them as well as to the Jews, and "besought that these words might be preached to them the next Sabbath." Many of the congregation followed Paul and Barnabas who gladly taught them.

During the week many heard of the great sermon. "And the next Sabbath day came almost the whole city together to hear the word of God. Paul spoke again. The interest deepened. Many believed him, and rejoiced in the truth he preached. But not all. "When the Jews saw the multitudes, they were filled with envy, and spake against those things which were spoken by Paul, contradicting and blaspheming." He then solemnly told them that in so doing they showed themselves unworthy of everlasting life, and said, "Lo, we turn to the Gentiles." These were

exceedingly glad, and received the good things which the Jews had rejected.

The Jews would not let the apostles alone. They persuaded women of rank and influence, and the chief men of the city, to persecute them, and to drive them from Antioch. So once more they did as Christ told the twelve apostles, "When they persecute you in one city, flee ye to another."

But Paul and Barnabas left behind them a church of Christ which they had founded, and with which the Holy Spirit remained to help and comfort, even among their enemies.

Driven from Antioch, Paul and Barnabas went sixty miles to Iconium in Lyconia. This journey was over dry, dusty, bleak plains, on which great numbers of wild asses roamed, and vast flocks of sheep grazed.

Iconium was situated on an oasis—a green spot in the desert—at the foot of Mount Taurus. As Paul saw the mountain tops covered with snow, he must have remembered Mount Hermon and Damascus—the beautiful city in the wilderness where he had begun his Christian work. Iconium was once a city of great splendor, but now only broken slabs and columns and pedestals are there, reminding us of its former glory.

As at Antioch, Paul sought a lodging place, worked at his trade, went to the synagogue on the Sabbath, spoke as invited, talked with people in private houses, and helped many to turn to the Lord. But also, as at Antioch, he was persecuted by the Jews, who purposed to stone him and Barnabas. So again they fled. Before this time they had been in capitals of countries and other large cities of great wealth and learning, chiefly on the sea-shore and rivers. But when they left Iconium, they went on roads traveled but little, and visited smaller and poorer towns of the desert.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SPLENDID UNIVERSITY.

BY MAJOR RICHARD W. YOUNG, PRESIDENT ENSIGN STAKE OF ZION.

I have in mind an educational institution, which, every year, graduates nearly one thousand students. Its curriculum, though differing widely from, covers subjects no less important than, those of the typical college course. Rather, might I say, that the course of instruction is, in some respects, infinitely more vital.

We scan in vain its schedule of studies for mathematics, Latin, Greek, civil engineering, and the greater part of the studies usually incorporated in a college course. In lieu thereof, we find a superior course in theoretical and practical theology, a thorough training in practical morality and self-sacrifice, and the advantages of extended travel.

These branches of education have no place in the customary college course—their unusual character may demand a word of explanation.

After all, is it not the true purpose of education to equip us for life's struggle and for life eternal? We study reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, and all of the common branches, and to them we add our professional studies, that we may the better be able to surmount the difficulties that lie in our paths. Morals and theology receive but scant attention in the schools; while the invaluable lessons that come from travel are left to be acquired, as chance may permit. And yet the subjects last mentioned are of the highest educational value. To know something of God, and understand in part his purposes; to make a profound study of Christian morals, and to school one's self in moral conduct of the highest and most self-sacrificing nature; to travel, not at railroad

speed through a country, but to live among foreign peoples for months, perhaps for years, and thus to free one's self from the narrowness of the untraveled, and to become acquainted with the manners and customs and modes of thought of other intelligent peoples;—these, though neglected or omitted in the schools, are essential to the completely educated man, supplementary, if you please, to the ordinary education, but none the less vital to our earthly and eternal happiness.

The institution to which I refer is one which takes the young man from his farm, workshop, or office, usually at the formative period in his life, when his ideals will be selected and his course of life mapped out, and sends him away, perhaps to Germany, perhaps to England, possibly to far distant Australia, and asks him to devote two or three or four years of his life to a thorough study of that great monument of literature and theology, the Holy Scriptures, to the promulgation and defense of its great truths, to prayer and to supplication.

To sow righteousness rather than wild oats; to live and labor for others rather than to strive unceasingly for self; to learn that worldly wealth is evanescent and that eternal riches are imperishable; courageously to face a hostile world in defense of truth, as he views it; manfully to breast the tide rather than to float supinely with it; to be polished by the friction of opposition; to think logically and to speak accurately and fluently; to ponder deeply; to weigh carefully; to come in contact with the people and face to face with their problems, free from the distortions of caste or sectionalism—these are to broaden, deepen, and strengthen, and should lead, as they surely do lead, to a higher type of manhood.

Foolish the Latter-day Saint who does not desire for a son, and foolish that son, who does not desire for himself, the inestimable experiences of a "Mormon" mission.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

A SNAPSHOT.

BY J. A. GORDON.

At the request of the management of the Bureau of Information, Tom and I had spent the day showing visitors through the Tabernacle and grounds. It had been a busy day. Hundreds of tourists had applied for admittance. The usual questions concerning the Temple, Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, Reed Smoot and polygamy had been asked and answered a thousand times or more.

We were taking our rest near the Bureau building, when I felt impelled to express a thought that had been passing through my mind all day.

"Tom," I said, "how big the world is, and how insignificant the individuals are! Think of the hundreds of strangers who have come into our lives for a few moments today. Until they appeared, we knew nothing of their existence, and now they have passed out of our knowledge."

I was conscious that I was saying nothing very bright, but the crowd of visitors had impressed me just so.

Now it must be confessed that Tom was of a somewhat contrary, argumentative disposition. Therefore, after considering my remark for a few minutes, he replied,

"That's a stupid observation, Dick. The world is very small and is continually becoming smaller; the individual is big, and becoming bigger. Why," here he spoke with warmth, "with the railroads and steamships and telegraphs and 'phones and wireless communications, distance has been annihilated. In this age, man cannot hide in the crowd. Any one of the tourists who have been here today, can be trailed by setting in motion the proper machinery."

My strength does not lie in argument, so I answered Tom very simply by saying,

"I don't believe it."

That started Tom off into a half hour's argument to prove that every person is known to every other person on earth. When at last he was out of breath, I had my plan ready. I said,

"Tom, let us test the matter. I will take the new kodak I bought last week, and put it in one of the Z. C. M. I. windows, pointing towards the sidewalk. Then we'll arrange it so that at a quarter past eleven tomorrow forenoon, the shutter will be opened for an instant. If you can trace within six months the identity of any of the individuals that may be caught by the kodak, I'll admit that you are right; if you can't, then you will admit that a person may hide in this tiny world."

I was taking serious chances, for at a quarter past eleven in the morning, a great many city people pass before the Z. C. M. I. windows, and it was very probable that some well known Salt Laker would be photographed by the kodak.

Tom probably saw the advantage, for it did not take him long to decide.

"Done!" he said. "Let us go and get the instrument ready."

In less than an hour we had secured permission to place the kodak in the show window, and by the aid of a cheap alarm clock had arranged a contrivance that would open the kodak shutter for a fraction of a second on the following forenoon at a quarter past eleven.

* * * * *

We did not part company that night. Early the next morning, we went for a long walk over the hills. At noon we were back in the city, and a few minutes later we had the kodak and the exposed film in the developing room of the photograph gallery across the street.

I confess that I was excited. What had the kodak seen at a quarter past eleven? Was it man or woman, child or crowd or beast? Would there be revealed only the formless light blotch; the unfinished image of the thoughts that dwell within the monstrous blackness of the camera? I half shuddered and wished that I had not made the proposal.

Neither was Tom perfectly easy.

"I feel as if I am afraid of the dark," said he. "Let us hurry and get done with the job."

Slowly I passed the film through the developing bath. Slowly the white film darkened; then white spots began to appear. I strained my eyes to see what was coming.

"Move over," said Tom, "I can't see."

Gradually the spots became more distinct, and assumed form. From the darkness of the film an image arose, rather long and narrow.

"What is it?" I cried.

"Hurry," said Tom.

I kept the film in the bath a few seconds longer, then cautiously drew it out.

"Fame and fortune!" I whispered to Tom, "there is only one figure on the film and it is of a woman."

Tom drew a deep breath.

"She's a daisy, even in the negative."

It did not take us long to finish the developing and to fix the figure. Sure enough, it had so happened that at a quarter past eleven only one person was passing the particular Z. C. M. I. window where the kodak was stationed, and that person was a lady. How young, handsome and beautiful she was, could be told after a print had been made.

I had work to do that afternoon, so I left Tom in possession of the negative. He was to make two prints from it, one for himself and one for me. Then he was to begin his search for identification. I left my friend with the sincere hope that the unknown lady was a tourist from central Siberia, who had taken the noon train for her telegraphless, telephoneless, newsless home. I wanted to prove Tom wrong.

* * * *

After supper that night as Tom did not call, I strolled over to his home. I admit that I was a trifle curious to see the lady who had looked at my camera that forenoon at a quarter past eleven.

As I entered the room, Tom looked up at me with a new light in his eyes. His face was slightly flushed, and his demeanor

gave me the sense of suppressed feeling. Somehow my own spirits rose, as I caught the unspoken joy that pervaded the atmosphere.

"Look at her," he murmured, as he handed me the little 4x5 kodak picture mounted neatly on cardboard.

At a glance I saw that at a quarter past eleven that day the Z. C. M. I. window was not so clean as it might have been; that the air was a little smoky; and that the sun had been behind a cloud. All this had made the picture somewhat hazy, and devoid of relief. Yet from the monotonous print stood out very distinctly the picture of the lady. It was a full length photograph of a girl about eighteen or twenty years old. She had evidently turned to look at something hanging in the show-window as the kodak snapped. The quarter profile of the face showed a gently-tilted, delicate nose, partly opened, full lips, regular, curved eyebrows, a well turned chin, and in the eyes was a full glint of rich intelligence. The poise of the head, thrown back a little, was that of a queen. From under the small, plain hat, emerged a wealth of carefully combed hair. Over her shoulders was thrown a long, loosely fitting coat, gathered in around the waist. Superbly simple and delicate was the figure caught by the thieving camera.

"She is a beauty!" I ejaculated. "I'm glad that the light was not better, for if more of her charms were revealed, I should fall in love with her."

"You'd better not," said Tom soberly.

I looked at him. There was something in his tone that spoke of impending trouble.

I studied the picture a few minutes longer and put the uppermost question:

"Who is she?"

"Haven't an idea."

"A Salt Lake girl, do you think?"

Tom whistled his disgust. "Phew! did you ever see a Salt Lake girl with such style as that?" He held the picture at arm's length. "No, sir, Dick, that is no Salt Lake girl. The girl who stood for that picture is the result of many generations of high living and high thinking. I'm afraid that she belongs to some family of the European nobility."

"If she does, you'll find her so much more easily," I volunteered, having in mind our compact that led to this stolen picture.

"Hang that," was the answer.

I looked at Tom again. I didn't like the tone of his voice.

I looked at the picture a little longer. "She is dressed plainly."

"People of her rank don't need to dress otherwise," Tom asserted.

I didn't like Tom's mood, so I said, "I came over to get my copy; did you finish it?"

"I made only one print, and that's all that shall be made," was the curt reply.

By this time I felt my anger rising, and I told Tom what I thought of him, and then left him sullen and sulking, still staring at the shadow of a strange girl who happened past a certain Z. C. M. I. window at a quarter past eleven on the forenoon of that day. To forget Tom's behavior, I called on Katie, who at this writing is my bride.

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A few evenings later, Tom called on me.

"Dick," he said pleadingly, "keep my confidence and help me."

"Go ahead," I nodded. The boy looked as if he hadn't slept enough for a week.

"The girl in the picture," he sighed, "is the very embodiment of all that I have imagined in the ideal woman who should become my wife. I love her, whosoever she is. I must make her my wife, if my life is to be complete. But—"

It was then that I became angry. "Tom," I yelled, "Tom! haven't you given your promise to one of the handsomest and best girls that ever drew breath? Why, Alice is every bit as handsome as the thing that stares out of that picture. You'll probably find your unknown princess nothing more than a disagreeable, stuck up chunk of gold. You can't mistreat so loyal and trusting a girl as Alice with my help!" I got up and swung about the room in my indignation.

Tom took it quietly. He went on at great length to explain what he meant. He had found in his unknown princess a refinement of character, a spiritual companionship that he had never known before. He had thought it over. He loved the girl in the picture more than any other human being, and he felt himself obliged to tell his plighted wife the truth, and to ask her to release him. I boiled inwardly while he spoke.

At last, out it came. "Would I be so good as to help him present the matter to Alice? Someone should tell her the whole story—it was really so remarkable that it needed corroboration."

By this time I was convinced that Tom had gone daft on the question of the princess, and felt it would be proper to let so sweet a girl as Alice know what a fool Tom really was. I therefore assented.

"Let me take the picture to show her, that she may have the satisfaction of knowing what a downward tendency your taste has taken. I'll tell her the story of your insanity, then you can follow with your senseless gabble."

As he handed me the picture, he said:

"Bring it back soon."

"Brute," I said, "haven't you a message for Alice?"

"Bring it back soon," was all I could get from him.

* * * * *

It was a disagreeable errand, for Alice was as true-hearted, sweet-spirited a girl as ever walked on earth. Withal she was beautiful of face and form, and well-trained in all that makes a woman desirable. Since early girlhood she had loved with a steady devotion this boy Tom. How to tell her! It would break her heart!

She showed me into the parlor and sat down near me. Poor girl!

I looked at her fully five minutes before I could speak.

"Well," she said sweetly at length, "are you nearly ready for an introduction?"

"That crank of a Tom"—I began.

Alice sat up rigidly erect, and lightning began to play in her eyes. I knew that I had started wrong as usual.

Then I blurted out the message: "Alice, old friend and

playmate, Tom has sent me to tell you that he loves another girl better than you."

Alice rose quickly from her seat. I shut my eyes. Just a moment she stood quietly; then the strength of having been born and bred well came back to her, and she sat down slowly and said very softly,

"Did Tom send me that message?"

I told her the whole story of our wretched argument near the Information Bureau; the picture of the unknown princess; Tom's absolute capitulation to the girl he had never met, and again his final message to his long-cherished sweetheart. At last I showed her the picture. I must have told the story well, for the blood came slowly back into Alice's cheeks, her lips regained their rich redness, her eyes sparkled, and at last she laughed at the absurdity of Tom's mad love.

The ways of women! Two months have I been married, as I write this, yet Katie is more of a mystery to me than she ever was before. That evening, on hearing my clumsy message, Alice had almost fainted; and the lifelight had gone out of her eyes when she thought of the loss of her lover. Yet a little more than fifteen minutes later, she was laughing gaily at the whole adventure, as if it were nothing that concerned her!

I did not like it. A suspicion flashed through my head, and I asked her,

"Do you really love Tom?"

She nodded a few moments before answering. I had never seen her more queenly.

"Love him!" she replied, "Do I really love him? Dick," she continued, "since my earliest childhood, he has been my knight, my lover, my king. He has all my love."

I took a book from the table and studied the title page for several minutes. Then I got up to go. The lamplight flashed and was reflected on the glorious hair and lustrous eyes and finely moulded face of the queen-girl beside me.

"Did he say," she asked as we were parting, "that he no longer loved me, or that he loved his unknown princess more?"

"Oh, it is simply a case of his loving the unknown more." I shrugged my shoulders.

"Thank God for that!" She spoke solemnly.

"Tell Tom, from me, that I have a treasure box in my room. In it are tops and marbles, and withered flowers, and handkerchiefs, and many things of greater worth, that he has given me during the days of our childhood and youth. Does he wish them returned now, or shall I keep them pending his quest? Then I have a ring"—

There was a break in her voice—half a laugh, half a sob.

I couldn't stand it any longer. "Good night, and good cheer to you, Alice," I cried, and hurried away.

Tom went to see her the next day. What happened between them I don't know, but when he came back he looked like a dog that had been caught stealing.

"Dick," he said, "Alice is a mighty close second to my unknown love."

"Tom," I replied with long and eloquent emphasis, "you are an unqualified ninny."

That shut him up for the evening.

* * * *

After these events came the farcical part of the tragedy. Tom set in motion what he called the machinery for discovering the name, station and whereabouts of his unknown princess. First, he published half-tone reproductions of the misty, blurred snapshot, in the Salt Lake dailies. When the engraver and printer had done their usual best, the pictures looked like composites of all the milk and water women that had ever graced the earth. They were noseless, eyeless, earless blotches of printer's ink. Below the picture was printed a call for the original, who was in Salt Lake City on the forenoon of a certain day, to reveal herself. Important news was awaiting her!

I was too disgusted to comment on the advertisement when I met Tom.

However, replies came fast and thick. Five hundred ladies or more in and out of Salt Lake City were the originals of the picture. Most of them had lost something on that day, and wanted Tom to send the lost article back right away. One good lady had picked up two lace handkerchiefs by mistake from a dry goods counter on that day, and sent them back with her regrets.

Tom, however, was a brick. He invited each of his correspondents to send on her photograph, that he might make proper comparisons with the original picture. In the course of time he acquired a marvelous collection of feminine beauties. They were fat and lean, thick and thin, tall and short, black and white; yet none possessed the queenly grace and bearing of the unknown princess.

Tom did not falter in his pursuit. He tried next the Eastern information venders. The unknown's half-tone likeness was published in a score of America's largest newspapers. Tom's mail increased to about two hundred letters a day. He was simply swamped. Tom and I had been back from our missions only about six months, and we had little money. Tom soon spent, in this mad passion, all he had and was earning. Of course, I had started the thing, unwittingly enough, and I felt bound to help my friend back to his peace of mind. But our joint endeavor could not keep up the pace of a daily mail of a quarter of a thousand letters. Still, Tom did his best, and never flinched. He must find his unknown princess.

At last Tom decided that the unknown was not in America. He then sent to Europe for photographs of the young women belonging to the reigning families of the Old World. *She* was not among them.

He read one day that the young daughter of a diamond king of South Africa was touring the world, and had been in Salt Lake City some months before. He spent a month's wages trying to locate this individual. After much trouble, her photograph arrived. Her lips were thick, her nose flat, her hair crinky and her complexion black as jet. I laughed until I was sick, but Tom said never a word. He was badly affected.

The ridiculous things that happened in this vain quest, resulting from my foolish suggestion, would fill a volume. The six months had long since passed. I had proved to Tom that you can't find every person you want in this world, and that the earth is yet tolerably big. Tom didn't care; he wanted his love; his unknown princess. The poor fellow was sick. He could not work. He was surely losing his health and his life. The matter was no

longer a jest. It was serious. But I determined I would not lose my dearest friend without a final effort in his behalf.

* * * *

* Dr. Brown lived in our ward when Tom and I were born, and had known us ever since. He had helped us through the measles, mumps and the other things we had enjoyed in our early childhood. To him I told the whole story of the mad quest of the unknown princess. Not a detail did I omit. I even betrayed Tom's confidence to the extent of mentioning my interview with Alice. The doctor listened closely, but said nothing, though I thought I heard him grumble, as I left, that "Some children are old enough to be men."

Two days later Tom was so ill that he could not leave his room. I was spending the day with him. The doctor had called the day before, heard the same old senseless story from Tom's lips, and had prescribed some of the bitterest medicine it has been my lot to taste. I nearly always taste the other fellow's medicine. I never need any.

"It must be a mixture of wormwood and gall," said I.

"It's worse," replied Tom.

Along in the afternoon the doctor came. When he saw me, he hesitated a little, then said, "I guess it doesn't matter, though two cranks are certainly worse than one."

I didn't like the implied compliment, and was about to tell the doctor so, when he said to me,

"Yes, that was meant for you."

I subsided.

"Now," said the doctor, "have you taken your medicine? Good! Take some more."

And he made Tom swallow another large potion. Poor, pale, languid-eyed Tom! The bitter stuff seemed to take all life from him.

The doctor turned to me. "Dick, wouldn't you like a little? It's good for your liver."

It was so sudden that I had no time to collect my wits, so I smiled and said,

"Thank you, doctor. If you think best."

That was two months ago, but I can still taste that stuff.

"By the way," said the doctor, "I've found your unknown princess."

Tom leaped out of his chair and almost shrieked at the doctor,

"What!"

"Sit down," said the doctor, "even such donkeys as you are in need to be cared for when you are sick."

I felt that the doctor included me in the epithet.

Tom sank back into his invalid's chair.

"I have brought her with me," continued the doctor calmly, "and she is in the house now. Do you want an introduction at once?"

Tom was silent. His eyes burned. I tried to find a hiding place by the book case.

"Come right in," said the doctor, as he opened the door.

Sure enough! It was the unknown princess! I recognized the fine nose, the regular eyebrows, the crowning glory of the lustrous hair, the intelligent, beaming eyes, the small hat, the long coat, the whole finished and perfected by the queenly poise. Surely she was a high-bred, high-born lady; and in the flesh, as I saw her, infinitely more beautiful than the shadow kept by the camera.

I did not need a second glance to assure myself that in very deed the unknown was found, and that she was none other than Alice, Tom's Alice, who lived around the corner! I wondered unconsciously if the house had a cellar.

I did not look at Tom. He did not say a word.

For just a moment, she stood there filling the room with her loveliness, then she trembled a little and tried to speak, but the doctor made her sit down.

"I'll tell them," he whispered.

And he lost no time.

"You silly children," he growled, "when you sat planning your insane experiment, Alice, who had come to meet Tom, was standing in the corner alcove of the Bureau building, and of course overheard every word. She concluded that it would be a wholesome joke if you found a few familiar faces on your anticipated snapshot. Moreover, knowing the native stupidity of the promoters

of the whole scheme, she felt fairly sure that if she would put on her cousin's hat and coat, it would deceive them for a few hours at least."

The doctor was nearly out of breath. He stopped and looked at me. I backed against the wall.

"At a quarter past eleven on the day when you lost your common sense, Alice was on hand, posing for her photograph. Strange to say, no one else was there at the moment. The world evidently had not gathered to observe your ridiculous experiment.

"Alice, of course, intended to have the laugh on you, but what could she do when this overgrown boy of a Dick brought her the message that Tom had broken his engagement. It silenced her. Should the revelation come from her, it would be equivalent to offering herself to this worthless fellow with a feverish imagination. Yet that's just what she has done to save Tom's life."

The doctor puffed. He was angry.

"And now," he concluded, "when next you are hunting for the finest thing in the world, I will advise you to begin by looking at the people who live around the corner of your own block."

Every word reached my marrow. "Doctor," I said slowly and solemnly, "I don't want any unknown princess to come into my life. I am going to beg Katie to marry me next week."

The doctor growled.

I looked at Tom. The deep red of shame was creeping over him. Neck and face, and ears, and the thin spot in his hair, were crimson. Even his hands burned with shame. Thus he sat, with his eyes half closed. Not by a shade did the red fade from his face. We were all quiet. The ticking of the clock hammered upon my nerves.

Then, at last, Tom stirred. Slowly he raised his head. His eyes, full of tears, looked piteously on Alice.

"Alice," he pleaded, "what can you say?"

The doctor turned a little and looked out of the window at a passing street car. I looked at Alice.

Never before had I known how perfect a woman can be.

Quietly, she arose and walked over to Tom's chair. She

kneeled before her wayward lover, and gently took his burning cheeks between her hands.

It may have been a fault of my eyes, but I thought the girl was enveloped by a halo of light.

"We will be married tomorrow," she said, "and I'll nurse you back to health."

"And sense," ejaculated the doctor.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE MASTER.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF THE LATE DR. KARL G. MAESER.*

(For the Improvement Era.)

Benignly in their midst the master stood,
And o'er the little group a silence fell.
What should be done? 'Twas clearly understood;
And yet, to do it right, to do it well!
"My fellow-teachers," thus at last he said,
"I would be just, yet love and mercy show,
A soul to save! for this the Savior bled;
For this his saving, precious blood did flow.

"It would be just, perhaps—who knows the end?
It may be, here a precious gem doth lie.
As God is mine, so I will be a friend
To this wild youth. To save him let us try."
He paused to think; the silence grew intense;
Then one arose, and thus declared his views:
"My friends, I hope I may give no offense,—
I wish the lad may justly have his dues;

* Dr. Maeser, a natural teacher and disciplinarian, who devoted his whole career to his calling, was born in Meissen, Saxony, Germany, January 16, 1828, and died in Salt Lake City, February 16, 1901. He organized the Brigham Young University, and may be called the father of Church schools in Utah.

"But if we must decide the case this day,
And if those dues are meted by the rule,
I see no other chance—no other way—
But forthwith to expel him from the school.
Have we not oft forgiven, hoped and prayed,
And borne with broken promises? His shame,
It seems to me, if justice were delayed,
A blight would be upon the school's fair name."

"But one more chance! God grant he may repent!"
The master spoke, and so it was decreed:
A week—no more; but ere the half was spent,
The recreant, of mercy was in need.
So meek, yet fervent, was his prayer that night:
"O Father! save the boy; forgive the past;
Incline his heart to worthiness and right;
So grant his widowed mother joy at last!"

In vain, it seemed, he prayed; the wayward one
Amended not, till hope grew very dim,
And failed at last. "Our patience now is done;
Go to your home," the teacher said to him.
Next morn, betimes, the master was at work,
Plying with zealous care the busy broom;
(The noblest will no menial duty shirk)
And then with duster passed from room to room.

When suddenly, the door was pushed ajar,
And there the two stood silent, face to face;
The master sad, but not so sad by far
As were those drooping eyes that shone disgrace.
"I've come to see"—the voice was trembling low,
"If you could yet forgive"—one upward glance—
"The wayward? I'm unworthy, well I know;
Give me, for mother's sake, just one more chance!"

"A *thousand times*, my boy!" the master cried,
And sent one speechless, thankful glance above;
Then, with his loving heart expanding wide,
They wept for joy in arms of mutual love.

H. M. WARNER.

Provo, Utah.

MEMORIAL MONUMENT DEDICATION.

BY SUSAN YOUNG GATES.

(CONCLUDED.)

Returning to Royaltown, an evening service was held, at which Elder John G. McQuarrie presided, and Presidents Joseph F. Smith, Anthon H. Lund and Elder Charles W. Penrose addressed the large congregation. Elder Junius F. Wells also made brief remarks. R. C. Easton and Emma Lucy Gates sang solos with unusual brilliancy and pathos, accompanied by Cecil Gates. The congregation joined in singing *America*. A very genial friendship was shown by the hotel proprietors and the citizens generally. A kindly, generous spirit seemed to prevail among all the people. Considerable pains were taken by the residents, two fine pianos being loaned, one at the cottage, and one to the hotel, for the use of the musicians of the party.

The special car left for Boston early Sunday morning, all of the New York party accompanying them to that city. The Utah party went at once to the Parker House, on arriving at Boston; after luncheon, all went down to the commodious hall, on Deacon street, in which the elders hold regular services. Here were found quite a company of resident Saints, who, with the visiting parties, filled the large hall.

Again Elder McQuarrie presided at the services. Vases of exquisite flowers decorated the pulpits, and a good piano aided the musical part of the exercises. The speakers were Elders George A. Smith, Hyrum M. Smith, Charles W. Penrose, and Rulon S. Wells and Pres. Joseph F. Smith. The spiritual feast that was enjoyed through the power that rested upon our beloved Presi-

dent, will never be forgotten by those present. His exhortation to the young men present to keep themselves clean and unspotted from the sins of the world, moved even the reporter who came from a great Boston daily to report the services. It will not be out of place to refer, also, to the inspired remarks made by Elder Rulon S. Wells at this meeting, as well as the exquisite singing of Emma Lucy Gates who sang *Joseph Smith's First Prayer* with such feeling that all present were touched to the heart.

An evening exercise was held at the same place, conducted by Elder McQuarrie, at which Elder C. W. Penrose gave one of the most stirring and eloquent sermons of the trip. He was followed by Elders Ashby Snow, B. F. Grant, Frank Y. Taylor, Patriarch Angus M. Cannon, Benjamin Goddard, and President Seymour B. Young of the presiding Seventies Quorum. All of these brethren spoke with spirit and power. President Anthon H. Lund closed with some excellent and appropriate remarks. Emma Lucy Gates sang twice, pouring out her heart and voice in melodic praise to God.

The next day was Christmas, and President Smith and some members of his family party were entertained at the home of Mr. Frank Bennett at Saugus, ten miles from Boston. Everything possible was done to make the visit a pleasant one, by Mr. Bennett, his wife, and happy, genial family.

Bright and early Christmas morning, the members of the Smith family who had remained at the Parker House, Boston, took the train for Lynn, Massachusetts. Automobiles were secured, and, calling at the home of Mr. Bennett, the rest of the pilgrims were picked up.

About twenty-one miles northeast of Boston is situated Topsfield, in Essex county, Mass., where the original progenitors of the Smith family, in America, located in 1630.

It is supposed that the ancestors of the family came from the English village of Topsfield, in Essex county, but the supposition cannot be confirmed, on account of a lack of proper records. The cemetery, where a number of the family are buried, was visited. Among them are Robert Smith, his wife Mary; Samuel, son of Robert, and his wife Rebecca; also Samuel, son of Samuel, and

his wife Priscilla. In 1873, President George A. Smith visited Topsfield and had a monument of Utah limestone erected there in honor of his ancestors.

The company also visited the home of Asael Smith, son of second Samuel, and grandfather of the Prophet. The old house had been torn down, and the new one built on the old site. All enjoyed a drink of the cool, clear water from the old well at the side of the house. During the persecution of the despised Quakers, Asael was bold enough to invite them to his home and befriend them. For this act, he received persecution from his neighbors, and, to secure peace, he moved his family to New Hampshire, and from there to Tunbridge, Vt. The home of Robert Smith, the founder of his race in America, was next visited. As with the home of Asael, a new house stood on the foundation of the old one. There, also, was found an old-fashioned pump.

The party called on Mr. George Francis Dow, secretary of the Topsfield Historical Society. Mr. Dow has taken much interest in compiling the history of the Smith family, in that section of the country. The people generally follow agricultural pursuits and are quite successful, as the soil, in this section, is very good. The party returned by way of Saugus, and partook of Christmas dinner with Mr. Bennett and family, reaching Boston in time for the train whose next destination was Palmyra.

The other Utahns divided into various parties. Some went up to Bunker Hill, others visited the old South Church, familiar to all students of American history. Here George Washington was christened, and here are exhibited many relics of the Father of Our Country. Here also the grandfather of Brigham Young, Dr. Joseph Young, was christened, in 1730. It was in this church that the mass meeting of indignant citizens was held just prior to the famous Boston Tea Party. Here, indeed, beat the very heart of the early American pilgrims and patriots. When one views the extensive relics which are gathered here in this old church for the information and education of the multitude, one wonders why the rich, historical store of Utah and "Mormon" history are not similarly gathered and put upon exhibition.

At this place we parted with President McQuarrie and wife, who had done so much to make our visit pleasant in Boston. Also

we left here Lucy Gates and brother, the Eastons, and other New York and Boston friends.

Did you ever have a Christmas tree in a flying car? Spangled and bedangled, glittering amidst its green? If you never did, you can't imagine how queer it looked to see the popping white heads and popping eyes of that merry company, rising in their seats, as Seth, the colored porter, sailed down the aisle, on Christmas night, just after the train left Boston, carrying a gorgeous Christmas tree. Where had such a thing come from, gay with shining balls, and loaded with paper parcels? Ask Edith! The girl who knows everything, and who does everything good and thoughtful. There were clowns that beat their cymbals together, every time you pressed them on the stomach; and dark-skinned dolls, and shining reptiles. Beetles that crawled and clapped their metal wings when their internal regions were properly wound up with the accompanying key. And, of course, candy and nuts galore. Ask the Judge and Brother McDonald about that. The ladies all gave each other "things." Pres. Smith gave each lady a hat pin, and Brother Goddard gave the favored fair a china plate with a street scene in Royalton upon it. And so the jolly evening ended; as usual, at last, with sacred songs of praise, and a quiet prayer. Peace and good will surely came to that car on that Christmas night. Then on towards Palmyra!

Of all the places on the earth, sacred to the hearts of the Latter-day Saints, Judea and Cumorah head the list. Where the ancient prophets lived, suffered and died—and where Jesus the Christ worked out his earth-destiny—that land of Galilee and Jerusalem is dear to the soul of every son of God! But here on this continent, also, prophets lived and suffered and died. Here came the Savior of the world. And here, hunted and driven, the last Nephite prophet rallied his forces around an ancient historic hill which had once before been the last battle ground of a dying nation. Once Ramah, now Cumorah, held about its feet the contending armies of the two great peoples. And here the last vestige of the pure faith and religion of the Nephites dripped, drop by drop, from the heart's blood of the peeled and hunted race which had at last deserted home, truth, love, and God. And here, alone and in exile, Moroni buried the records of his people,

and over this sacred spot his resurrected spirit watched for fourteen hundred years with unceasing vigilance the treasures committed to his care. What a tragedy! Could the mind of a mortal conceive such a sublime epic as this?

How frail and human we are! When the merry party of thirty emerged from the special car, at Palmyra, all the surface talk was of carriages, crops, routes and country. But most of us carry deep down in the sub-consciousness of the brain our real thoughts, our actual selves. We put on our talk as we do our clothes, to act as a shield for the inner being, or to please our friends.

One word, nay two, twenty, and indeed a volume, might well be spoken to tell of the tact, forethought, and excellent management of the business head of our party, Elder George Albert Smith. No care was felt by individual members; there was no hitch in the perfect arrangements which were made for the comfort and convenience of the whole party. All were alike guarded and shielded from worry and extra expense. Carriages, meals, street cars, and even special trains, were arranged and provided, under the sole charge of this capable head. And that he could and did so efficiently handle a large party of thirty people, securing every needful accommodation without one break or delay, marks him as one of our rarest executive officers.

The party, on reaching Palmyra, entered closed carriages, and drove at once to the Smith farm, now owned and occupied by Mr. William Chapman.

The gentleman and his charming young wife were entertaining guests, but all united in one hospitable line of welcoming hosts to bid the Utah party welcome to the historic roof-tree.

This house was finished about 1824; the Smith family first lived in a small log house near the place where this home now stands. It was upon this "new" house that Alvin Smith, the Prophet's brother, was laboring with such eagerness, when he was stricken with his mortal illness. His pathetic appeal to his brothers to finish the house, so that his parents would have a comfortable home in which to dwell, rings in the ears, as one goes from room to room of this now old "new" house. Joseph Smith did not receive his first visions here, but it is pretty certain that he trans-

lated part of the Book of Mormon here, and here were concealed the plates for many months. Here, too, no doubt, angels conversed with him, and taught him glorious principles.

There are two historical pieces of furniture in this home—a large, handsome divan, and a fine, heavy mahogany table made by President Brigham Young in his early youth, and bought by the late Miss Fanny Chapman, sister of the present owner of the house. Here also is the old cannon ball, a relic no doubt of the Mack family's patriotism in the Revolutionary war, which was found by Mr. Chapman under the roof of the bedroom occupied by the Prophet Joseph. When the house was repaired and enlarged, some years ago, two of these cannon balls were found in the roof, and one he gave to the late Franklin D. Richards. Mr. Chapman's theory is that they were placed there in accordance with an old New England superstition which makes cannon ball a protection from evil spirits.

The northwest corner of the north front room, between two windows, is pointed out as the place where, screened by a curtain, the youthful Prophet translated the plates of the Book of Mormon. This tradition, like others connected with this historic place, is given by Mr. Chapman on the authority of an intimate friend and associate of Joseph Smith, in those early days. The gentleman has promised to write out this statement, thus verifying, as nearly as may be, the places where the work and manifestations of the Prophet are located. Joseph's bedroom has been occupied by Mr. Chapman for many years. There is a quaint closet attached to it which is just as it was when occupied by Joseph.

From the home, after being photographed several times by our indefatigable amateurs, Elders Smith and Goddard, we drove down to the grove across the stream where there was once a pool used, such is the tradition, for baptismal purposes. This pool has been filled up, but Mr. Chapman carefully points the place out.

There are many stretches of woodlands on the Smith farm, as well as on all the adjoining farms in this country. Wood is the fuel, mostly. But nowhere can there be a more beautiful woods than this splendid grove of beech, birch and maple, covering from five to eight acres. The singular part of it is that for at

least two-thirds of a century no ax has been laid at the roots of these trees.

When asked why this had been, Mr. Chapman replied that his father, who bought the farm in 1859, had been told that this was the particular piece of wood in which Joseph Smith claimed to see a vision; and his father had never felt disposed to mar its sacred silence or beauty. He had passed the charge on to his son, the present owner, and that charge has been sacredly observed. That the grove is of ancient growth is evidenced by the trees; one stump had one hundred and eighty rings on its surface.

Into these stately woods our party went, with reverent steps and glistening eyes. The heavy carpet of dead leaves rustled a welcome, and the tall roof trees bowed in quiet response to the thrilling thoughts which stilled every heart.

Here had the boy kneeled in absolute faith, and here had evil and good battled over his prostrate body. Here, finally, earth's fountains burst, and truth, the sum of existence, swept down on the beams of direct revelation. The profound mystery of the presence of God the Father, and his Son Jesus Christ, hovered like an unspoken prayer, over the whole scene. With one accord the party gathered about the President, and someone began the simple but touching song, *Joseph Smith's First Prayer*. No more profoundly grateful hearts and voices were ever raised on earth than ascended to the throne of God in that song, in that grove, on that blessed, beautiful day. Oh, that all our friends in Zion could have been present to swell the chorus. Then the party drove toward Cumorah.

Arrived at the home of the man who farms the place, the lady of the house, who was alone, gave gracious permission for the travelers to go up on the hill, which is known everywhere in the vicinity as "Mormon Hill."

The wind blew a chilling gale, but all quickly ascended the steep, northern acclivity of the hill. The hill is farmed on the eastern side, but the western side is too precipitous and rocky for such purposes. A straggling growth of small timber covers some portion of the western slopes. The top of the northern part of the hill is quite sharp and narrow in its crowning edge. But it slopes and widens quickly as it reaches southward, finally losing

itself in the plains beyond. The northwestern side of the hill is where the box was concealed.

The party was specially blessed with the presence of President Joseph F. Smith, who visited the spot in 1878 with the late Apostle Orson Pratt. Elder Pratt pointed out the place, previously shown to him by Oliver Cowdery, where the box lay hidden. Then seven large trees were near the place, and a grove of timber covered the lower west side. President Smith fixed his eyes on a place, a third of the way down, and near the northern end of the hill. This, he concluded, was the place pointed out by Brother Pratt to him. There was a slight depression just where his eye rested, and soon our party were down there; and sure enough, there were the decayed stumps of the trees which once shadowed the spot. Bits of the stump and some smooth slate rocks were picked up as souvenirs.

Then all returned to the top of the hill, the hymn, *An Angel From on High*, was sung, and the president said quietly, and solemnly, that he would engage in prayer. The spirit of that prayer grew with its utterance until the whole wide world, the past and the future, opened to the gaze. That hour was an epoch in the history of this people.

Once more returning to our carriages, some members of the party secured some ancient Indian arrow-heads, gathered on the hill by the lady at the farm house, and then a quick drive was made to the Palmyra Hotel, where an excellent supper awaited us. Every one was kind, and every comfort was provided.

In the evening we had the pleasure of examining the old printing press on which the Book of Mormon was first printed; then we called on Mr. Sexton, a liberal and cultured gentleman, the wealthy banker of the place, who showed us the first sheets said to be struck off from the press of the Book of Mormon. This gentleman told some of our party the touching story of his noble mother's life-work. She was a Quaker preacher, and, under God, carried light and hope to many sad and darkened souls. He also gave us a booklet describing the ceremonies attendant upon the presentation of one of the historic Cuban war cannons to Palmyra, in honor of Admiral Sampson, whose birthplace Palmyra is.

There is an old lady who knew Martin Harris, still living in

Palmyra, but she has no friendship for the people among whom Martin Harris cast his lot. However, Mrs. Alyne, for such is her name, gave us a picture of herself as a souvenir of our visit.

Once more, that evening, we were speeding on our way westward, following the historic trail of our pioneer fathers and mothers, as they followed the lead of the Prophet Joseph Smith. As always, the evening shadows drew the party closer in happy communion; and, as always, our evening visits closed with a song service, led by Apostle Hyrum Smith, and his wife Ida and sister Ina. But these were not all the singers; President Seymour B. Young raised many a tuneful lay with his rich baritone voice, and there were others who added strength to the various parts.

Our destination was Kirtland; but we stopped at Cleveland, Wednesday morning, and from there took a special street car to Willoughby, about sixteen miles away. Here we found some exceedingly large wagons and exceedingly small teams to carry our party over the hilly roads to Kirtland. But all things pass, and we drove at length up the last pretty hillside, and faced the small and simple, but exceedingly beautiful, Temple at Kirtland. Perched upon a commanding point in all that rolling expanse of hills and vales, its spire caught the gaze long before the last turn in the road brought it fairly before the eyes.

Places as well as people have a more or less dominant atmosphere; and surely the surrounding influence of this once sacred Temple would freeze the most bubbling enthusiasm.

One could but be grateful that the place is not a stable and junk house as it was some years ago. The Reorganites who own the house, have taken great pains to restore its original design and finishing.

Elder U. W. Green, one of the Reorganite twelve apostles, came over very courteously and made himself very agreeable to the whole party. He was a gentleman, and as such he conducted himself. But how we longed to be alone in that historic structure, just our own party and the crowding memories which filled heart and brain.

My sweet Ina had brought her little Doctrine and Covenants, and we sat quietly together in one of the pews and read the startling revelation given to the Prophet in this same house. We

gazed with awe-struck eyes upon the "breast-work of the pulpit," upon which had rested the feet of our Savior. Could it be that we were permitted to be, for ever so short a time, within those sacred walls, hallowed by such a manifestation? O, that we could leave forever all the weary faults and daily sins that plague our weak mortality! Alas, they go not away for the wishing! But clasping hands, my Ina's in my own, we wished a solemn wish, and prayed us each a sacred prayer.

The party were deeply interested in studying the quaint carving on the pillars and copings everywhere. The turned wood of the semi-circular pulpits, the carving on these as well as elsewhere justified the high praise given by Elder Green—who stated that architects and builders declared this work and the Gothic windows to be as fine and rare as any found in the United States. But oh, the poverty of the people who built the house! It must have looked a palace to their starved eyes.

We did recall, and with profound joy, the fact that when they were working upon this Temple—when so many of the Twelve and leading men deserted their posts and plotted against the prophet—Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball stayed on, working night and day to fulfill the revelations of the prophet. No wonder Joseph honored Brigham and Heber—they loved him with a love that was stronger than death, and in that love they honored God, and kept his commandments.

We were told that the old curtains had disappeared, torn to shreds by curio vandals. New ones hung in the old places. Regulation sectarian pews fill the lower hall, and a beautifully-carved contribution box rests upon the lower pulpit. An impossible story is told of this box belonging to the original furnishings of the Temple, being cared for by an old lady during the days when the Temple was used for a dance hall.

Above the lower hall is another one, its counterpart, even to the odd lettering on the three pulpits in each end. Still above are a series of low-ceiled class rooms, which, we were told by Elder Lorin Farr, were used as class rooms in the old Hebrew school. The second hall was used by the School of the Prophets. Those who now own the Temple have no conception as to what a Temple means, and it is used, therefore, as an ordinary sectarian chapel.

In an ante-room, near the entrance, hung a front view picture of the prophet, which was not a very pleasing likeness; beside it was a small picture of his wife, Emma Hale Smith. The deep, mournful lines upon her face, the heavy-lidded eyes, and the tragic mouth, weighed upon the observer with unwept tears. What was her life, and where is she now? Do these questions trouble you?

It was a painful surprise to find that an entrance fee was charged to view the Temple. No words may tell the conflicting emotions called up by this fact. To the Latter-day Saint, it was worse than desecration, it was defilation. If the Temple were shown at all, to make it a merchandise!

The grave yard, where some of our dear ones were buried, lay close to the temple. If President Brigham Young's first wife, Miriam Works, was buried here, as is said to be the case, no trace of the grave could be found. We were told, however, by Elder Lorin Farr, our genial, wonderful, living history-book, that she was buried from this Temple, and that the prophet preached her funeral sermon. Joseph said that she would not lie long in the grave, but would soon be resurrected.

Certainly here in Kirtland was buried the Patriarch Hyrum's first wife, Jerusha, and here our present beloved Patriarch John Smith was born. Near here, also, Judge Shurtliff was born, and here Elder Lorin Farr lived with his parents. How fortunate we were, nay, how blessed, in the society of these grand pillars of the Church to vivify and make alive for us every spot of ground we visited.

The site of the Kirtland bank, the old Whitney homestead, as well as that of Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Joseph Young and Amasa Lyman, were all pointed out to eager, curious eyes.

President Smith visited Mrs. Keziah Turk, an old lady who was full of memories and anecdotes of the former inhabitants of Kirtland. Sites of the homes and burying places were visited, and photographs taken of most of these historic spots.

Back we drove, and walked and waited, to Willoughby, where dinner had been prepared for us.

Hearing of a historic chair, said to be the workmanship of Brigham Young while in Kirtland, a search was made for it, but

only its picture was discovered with some pretty verses written about it by the gifted lady who once had possession of it. Then street cars to Cleveland, and westward again we flew to Chicago next.

It would be interesting to tell of the delightful day spent at Kenosha, the whole party being taken in special cars, and then being shown some of the most prosperous shops in that city, wagon shops, automobile and plow manufactories, etc., as well as being entertained royally at the Pennoyer Sanitarium for luncheon. But this would be impracticable in the limits of this article. Yet, a word must be spoken about the generous hospitality of Mr. Slosson and his charming daughter Agnes, with her brilliant Southern friend, Miss Mabel Hale. Through the same generous hospitality our whole party went to the theatre in Chicago, that night, to see Maxine Elliott in her frothy play of *Her Great Match*. But we all enjoyed it, for we were, just then, in the mood to enjoy things. What temporal creatures we are! When the highest spiritual blessings are poured out upon us, we turn from them to eat, to drink, and to cast longing eyes at forbidden pleasures. It is good that God is more merciful to our sore weaknesses than we are to each other—or where would we go for salvation?

Next day a number of the party went to see the doleful, dreadful sights of pork-packing. Others, who had full purses, as well as hearts, tramped about the department stores in search of presents for loved ones at home. But a few were whisked immediately away in our car, eight miles out of Chicago, and there left for the day. President Lyman and Judge Shurtliff, who were in the car, found their way back; but Brother McDonald, Seth and one woman whiled away the day as best they might. A long string of jingling verses made merriment afterward, as a part of that day's exile.

In the evening the fine Chicago church, presided over so efficiently by Elder German E. Ellsworth, was filled with friends and resident Saints. Excellent music, under the direction of Elder Louis Ramsey, was furnished by a choir of about twenty voices, sustained by the heavy pipe organ.

Again the remarks made by the brethren filled every soul with joy, and touched every heart. The speakers were: Elder John

Henry Smith, who was eloquent indeed. President F. M. Lyman followed with a finished discourse on the restoration of the gospel. President Lund then read some passages from the scriptures, and gave a thoughtful exposition thereon. Elder Penrose followed with one of his rousing testimonies, and the inspired words of our President closed the services. All felt renewed and strengthened by the thoughts uttered.

It was a surprise to see Mme. Lydia Von F. Mountford come sailing into the church just as grand looking as ever; she was accompanied by her sister, Mme. Mamreof, and a princess of the Six Nations, a Mohawk Indian woman. All were exceedingly pleased to see the Utah people, and the pleasure was surely mutual.

Again westward! The last two days brought the little party in the car closer and closer together in the bonds of love and good-fellowship. Surely, never before has there been such an expedition, although there may be many to come after. It was a universal expression that no event in the past could compare with it.

And when, on New Year's Eve, the little company gathered for a quiet testimony meeting on the flying train, not even the blessed atmosphere of the Temple could exceed in power and spiritual radiance the glory which filled every heart and streamed in mellowing tears from every eye. Each one spoke, and the sweet confessions borne, the predictions made, the comforting assurances given, crowned by the tender, solemn confidences of the leader of us all, this was an experience too sacred to even describe. Those who were partakers could but ask God and their own hearts how they—of all his children—had been so blessed!

It was a Memorial Company indeed! For the memories of each one will carry its fulness to all eternity. And when our President, moved, as he was, to the core by the grateful, loving expressions made to him personally by most of those present, said, with the voice of true inspiration and power, "Give not glory to man, nor the son of man, but to God and to his Son Jesus Christ! To him be all the honor and the praise! 'Tis not I, nor any man, not even the Prophet Joseph Smith, who stands at

the head of this work, directing and leading it! It is God, through his Son, Jesus Christ!" Ah, that was the voice of the shepherd, and we all knew it for ourselves. Men are men, and therefore weak! But God and Jesus Christ! Jesus is mine, is yours, is every man's beloved Lord! To win his deepest love, we have but this to do—to keep his plain commandments! There is no kinship, no tribe, no race in Jesus' love. For he is Lord of all the world. And even weak Samaritans, and women, can win his tender love and pity. And so this lesson, this comforting, precious New Year's lesson, sank into all hearts and blessed each hungry soul.

When New Year's Day was half gone, our car reached home—our beautiful home in the vales of the mountains. Our dear ones, so missed and loved, met us at the train, but even so, each member of the party sighed to find the trip was o'er, and life and stern reality were before us all once more.

Who was the best, the kindest, the most thoughtful, the most grateful and blessed of all that goodly company? Ask each, and you will receive the same answer.

Every Latter-day Saint will appreciate the delicate honor which prompted the president of the Church to make this journey an entirely independent affair. Each individual guest bore his own individual expenses; the Church was not taxed for any one's going, but each gladly paid his own way.

And now the trip is over, and like life, 'tis one of mystery; for what is real is never seen, and what we see is but the shadow of the giant forces which are ever hiding, but moving with a tread that shakes the universe.

Out of the mists of memory rises that exquisite shaft; it cleaves the sky, the flawless surface bearing a clear-toned, divine message to the darkened world of superstition and unbelief. Who runs may read; and the way-faring man, though a fool, need not err therein. This is the inscription cut upon the monument:

Sacred to the memory of
JOSEPH SMITH THE PROPHET,
Born here, 23rd December, 1805.
Martyred, Carthage, Illinois, 27th June, 1844.

On the opposite side of the die:

TESTIMONY OF JOSEPH SMITH.

In the spring of the year of our Lord, 1820, the Father and the Son appeared to him in a glorious vision, called him by name and instructed him.

Thereafter heavenly angels visited him and revealed the principles of the gospel, restored the authority of the Holy Priesthood, and the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ in its fulness and perfection.

The engraved plates of the Book of Mormon were given him by the angel Moroni. These he translated by the gift and power of God.

He organized the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on the sixth day of April, 1830, with six members.

He devoted his life to the establishment of that Church, and sealed his testimony with his blood.

In his ministry he was constantly supported by his brother Hyrum Smith, who suffered martyrdom with him.

Over a million converts to this testimony have been made throughout the world, and this monument has been erected in his honor, to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of his birth, by members of the Church which he organized.

They love and revere him as a prophet of God, and call his name blessed for ever and ever. Amen.

Around the capstone above the die:

If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.—James 1: 5.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

COMPANIONS OF MAN.

(For the Improvement Era).

"I Can't" and "I Can" are companions of man,

From his earliest youth.

The one he shall choose means win or means lose

In the battle of life.

If "Can't" be his guide, he will always abide

On the lowlands unseen;

But if he choose "Can," the helper of man,

To the hill-top he'll climb.

As the city whose light shall shine forth so bright

That it cannot be hid;

Through wisdom and strength, he will triumph at length,

In wresting from "Can't" his domain.

GRACE INGLES FROST.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

CHRISTIANITY IN JAPAN.

BY DR. J. M. TANNER, SUPERINTENDENT OF CHURCH SCHOOLS.

There is no concealing the fact that there was a general expectation throughout Christendom that Christianity would take on a new and enlarged growth in Japan when the war was over. During the struggle, Russia aimed to create throughout Europe a spirit of alarm over what it was pleased to style the "yellow peril." To counteract any disadvantages that Japan might receive, in consequence of the professed alarm on Russia's part, especially in the financial world, the Japanese hastened to express the most friendly consideration for Christianity and the Christian nations.

The Roman Catholics are the most numerous represented, having in the country of the Mikado about sixty thousand converts. The Pope, therefore, delegated Bishop Connell, of Portland, Me., to bear the Pope's autograph letter to the Mikado. Just what the letter contained, and how it was viewed by the Mikado, it is not easy to determine. Of course, much cordiality would be expressed toward the Pope's representative who, in turn, would manifest special solicitude for the religious welfare of Japan.

The Protestant phase of recent events in Japan is more significant. The most numerous sects of Japanese Protestants are the Presbyterians and the Congregationalists. For upwards of twenty years, there has been a strong feeling among these Japanese Christians that they were able to take care of themselves, and carry on the mission work in a better manner than the missionaries from abroad could do it for them. They have, there-

fore, simply said, give us the money expended by your missionaries, and we will accomplish a great deal more good with it. But the missionaries were loath to give up the keys to the money-box, and likewise their employment, and so they have disregarded the wishes of these Japanese Protestants. The result has been that the Japanese Presbyterians and Congregationalists—and there are some very able men among them—have determined to carry on the work of the special churches, independent of missionary aid, and have resolved that, “No church receiving aid from foreign missions shall be recognized as a church after 1907.”

This does not mean that the foreign missionaries in Japan must seek passage homeward after that date, but it means that the organized church of Japan will be under local control, and not under the control of the missionaries. Of course, scattered missionary efforts may be made, and if there is a persistent determination to enforce missionary control, there may be serious ruptures and a pronounced hostility between the native Presbyterians and Congregationalists and the missionaries. The Japanese seem more and more determined to put their own interpretation upon Christianity.

There is an important difference in the mental and the spiritual constitution between the Japanese and the Christians of Europe and America. The Japanese have a respect and reverence for the dead that is wholly unknown among Europeans. The latter interpret religion exclusively from the standpoint of the living, while the Japanese, in their Shinto religion, are excessively influenced by what they consider their obligations to the dead, and the power which the dead have over them for good or evil. The trouble with these divergent views is that both go to the extreme. Christianity is the gospel both for the living and the dead.

That men living in the spirit world may be judged according to men in the flesh, was one of the objects of Christ's preaching to the spirits in prison. On the other hand, the Japanese are troubled by a kind of fatalism, by the perverted teaching that the influence of the spirits is paramount to that of men in the flesh; that the important thing is what the spirits do for us, rather than what we do for the spirits. The key to the relative position between men in the flesh and men in the spirit world is found in

Apostle Paul's question to the Corinthians: "Why, then, are ye baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all?"

Japan, however, at war is not what Japan is as a victor; and the important factor to be counted upon, hereafter, in every far-eastern question is *Ise*, the Mecca of Shintoism throughout the Japanese world. The recent pilgrimage of the Emperor to its shrines, and the enthusiastic praise of the pilgrimage by the Japanese press, are all notes of warning to the Christian world that Japan is by no means ready for anything like a general adoption, in that country, of Christianity. A very prominent journal, the *Nichinichi*, remarks:

The present imperial visit to the Great Shrine, when viewed in parallel with the numerous rescripts in which his Majesty has attributed the victories of the imperial hosts to the virtues of his ancestors, and to the efforts of his people, make clear how truly and boundlessly the Emperor is devoted to the living spirits of his forefathers, and how deeply he loves his subjects. In other words, the Emperor aspires to be the embodiment and living example of universal humanity, filial piety, and humility.

The *Asahi*, in its indirect praise of Shintoism says:

The modern Japanese are luckier than all our forefathers, in living to see so grand an event as the present imperial pilgrimage to *Ise*, as the like of it, with all the glories it implies, has never before occurred in the history of the empire. Our present Emperor is the rejuvenator of Japan, and has given her a new history. Furthermore, his Majesty intends, no doubt, to renew in us the spirit of traditional faith and worship, as this his fourth visit to the Great Shrine clearly indicates.

All this does not look as if any considerable number of the Japanese were ready to accept Christianity. The effects of the war seem to be rather in the opposite direction. The heroic deeds of the Japanese on the battlefields of Manchuria are singularly calculated to awaken within the people of Japan renewed interest in hero worship.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

WHY DO WE FAIL?

BY ELDER ALBERT R. LYMAN, SUPERINTENDENT Y. M. M. I. A.
SAN JUAN STAKE OF ZION.

We have our cherished hopes and ambitions which we long to realize. There is something we would like to do, or become, and oft times we spend sleepless nights and weary days worrying and fearing that it is not within our power.

Often we undertake and fail at so many things, that we lose confidence in ourselves, and each new hope is associated with the memory of past failures, until it also becomes tainted with doubt, and in time the faculty of hope becomes a source of despair. This process destroys the chances of success. Men in the latter years of life often speak of what they could have done, but now the hope of youth has passed through all the stages of decay; it is gone.

There are young men galore who see the possibilities of life, and have discovered within their natures the talents God has given them, but they lack the initiative or the faith to grasp these opportunities. They do not make the start; there is no achievement to recommend their powers to their judgment, and their hope and faith are passing; they will soon join the hopeless multitude who "might have been," but are not.

This little article does not presume to treat of many success essentials, but merely to touch upon one phase of the subject, for the encouragement of the humble toiler.

When the Creator made man, he pronounced him, along with other creations, "very good." But good for what? we may ask. We are told that the earth "filleteth the measure of its creation,"

and we have no reason to doubt that plant and animal life has done as well. These things being made but for man, he must be the most excellent creature among them; fully as well qualified as they to fill the measure of his creation, to accomplish the particular task for which the Creator took the trouble to give him existence. Not that he always does it, but he is able to do it.

We may judge with some safety of what plants and animals were meant to do, at least in this world, but as to man, we dare place no limit to his good works. He must have been intended to reach "all heights and depths;" to "comprehend even God."

But there is a secret in such advancement, and in the light of such scripture as, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect," we are justified in terming it the *ethics of Godliness*, for how shall we reach his perfection without knowing how it is done? Is it to be supposed that when the heavenly Father laid the foundation of the earth, he doubted in the least his ability to finish and complete it as first designed? We are told, on the contrary, that he knew "the end from the beginning," and there are strong indications that the details were planned long beforehand. Adam "prophesied whatsoever should befall his posterity to the latest generation," and never have any of God's purposes failed. How could he begin his great labors, knowing that æons would be required to finish them, and still feel no uncertainty whatever of the outcome? Why could he continue on, and on, without a fear or doubt, but declaring with all assurance, "My purposes never fail."

The Lord is governed by laws which have all to do with his success. We are told that he "can not lie," and that he is "bound" to keep his promises. Sin might prosper in the world for a time, but with him truth is the all-powerful factor, it always prevails. The heavenly Father labors to do only that which is in harmony with eternal truth. He knows, by eternities of experience, that truth may be implicitly relied upon; that it sweeps away all opposition; that it has a power and prestige and force which its enemies can never master. He has become so attuned to, and in harmony with, it, that his plans are suggested and promoted by its inspiration. He knows it to be a sure avenue to success.

Nor is the fact of the undertaking being right, the only thing necessary to its accomplishment. He has full faith in himself; full confidence in his own powers, having never forsaken the labors which truth inspired him to undertake. He has learned that whatever he does, he must *attend*; that to its benefits or necessity he must be fully converted; that however many appliances are at his command, and however many mighty ones are in full sympathy with his effort, his *own* labors devolve on *him*; that however easy or difficult, he must apply himself diligently; must go squarely against each obstacle and strike with force.

We are the children of God, and have inherited godly attributes, though they may be in such a crude, undeveloped form as hardly to be recognized. The law that everything brings forth after its kind has not been suspended in our case; we are his children, and in the place he has prepared for us.

Man is the important creature among the creations, "and it pleaseth God that he hath given all these things unto man." Our heavenly Father is not only willing but anxious that we shall advance and develop sufficiently to receive every favor that man may enjoy. He has made a world especially for us; he has tempered it to our welfare, and prepared it with everything we need. He has sent truth anew from heaven relating to our past, present and future; and as to us, we come of parents pronounced "very good." Surely we must be worthy, or able to become worthy, of anything we can desire in righteousness.

Yet, with our confessed knowledge of talents and opportunities, we worry, and doubt, and wonder on sleepless pillows, what consolation there will be in life when our cherished hopes have miserably failed. Now, there is one of two things the matter; but whichever it be, the fault is with us: either we have aspired to the wrong thing, or, having aspired to something lawful, we have not been converted, and determined, and possessed of sufficient faith. In other words, our aspiration has not been strong enough.

The Doctrine and Covenants speaks of those who shall "return again to their own place, to enjoy that which they were willing to receive, because they are not willing to enjoy that which they might have received." This perhaps refers to the rebellious, but it may be applied also to the believing, who do not exercise

their faith to grasp the possibilities. It may be applied to those who have learned, or who can know by reason, that among all the works of God's hands, there is nothing more able than man to fill the measure of his creation. If for this class of people there is any one thing that is more bitter than all others, it is that they "might have received" better things, if they had been inclined *strongly enough* towards them.

Why should we not aspire to the best places of which we have heard? And when we have aspired in real earnestness, why should we not feel confident of success? If the thing we undertake to do is in harmony with all truth, it has within it the elements of eternity. Though we be hindered for a time, we can return as a god to his never-failing purposes, knowing that in the end we must conquer; that all the forces of heaven are in our favor.

Though our aspirations be like "the longing of the moth for the star," and we have difficulty, and hardship, and disappointment; and though the goal of our hope seems no nearer, if we "pray always and not faint," and if we sleep with unfaltering trust, and labor with uncompromising diligence, no power can deny us our hopes, but heaven will give us all we merit, even though it be what once seemed impossible.

Grayson, Utah.

BE SOMEBODY.

It is within everybody's power to be somebody, and to do something worth while in the world, and the man who does not do it is violating his sacred birth-right. Every man or woman who goes through the world with great continents of undiscovered possibilities locked up in him, commits a sin against himself and that which borders on a crime against civilization. Don't be afraid to trust yourself. Have faith in your own ability to think along original lines. If there is anything in you, self-reliance will bring it out. Whatever you do, cultivate a spirit of manly independence in doing it. Let your work express yourself. Don't be a mere cog in a machine. Do your own thinking and carry out your own ideas, as far as possible, even though working for another.—ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

ATONEMENT.

BY PRESIDENT JOHN G. M'QUARRIE, OF THE EASTERN STATES
MISSION.

II.

While the undeveloped child and the matured man stand at the opposite extremes of life, we must remember that there is a natural growth, or unfolding, that assists in bringing about the reconciliation referred to above. There is another kind of development, a development in which the natural growth lends but little assistance, and to illustrate this phase of uplifting, and the principle that enters into it, I will relate a true story by Florence Kimball Russell:

An officer stationed on the southeast coast of Mindanago, the second largest island in the Philippines, had occasion to make a reconnoissance into the mountains back of Davao, and stopped over night in the Bogobos.

The chief of these natives did the honors with savage dignity.

The town was dirty beyond belief. The people were lazy, even in their curiosity. But one item of interest was pointed out to the Americans by their host: a collection of human skulls, which decorated the dwelling, indoors and out. These were trophies of war, he explained to the officer.

The next morning, on leaving, the officer thanked the chief for his hospitality, and asked to return the visit.

The savage accepted the invitation. A short time later, he arrived in Davao, accompanied, not by an escort of a paltry half dozen, as the officer had been, but by the major part of his tribe. * * *

Durnig his visit the Bogobos were one and all delighted with the military life of the post, the drills and parades and routine of daily duties. Then, too, the cleanliness of the khaki-clad soldiers.

* * * But perhaps nothing so filled them with awe and admiration as the ceremonial raising and lowering of the garrison flag. They never missed seeing it, especially at evening, when the band played the *Star Spangled Banner*,

and the flag fluttered slowly down the staff, while the troops stood at attention, with bared heads.

So impressed was the chief, that on leaving Davao, he asked the officer to give him an American flag that he might take the custom into his own village. This was granted, and the presentation of the Stars and Stripes was made the occasion for a little sermon, in which the head of the Bogobos was informed that he and his people were under the protection of the American government; that he, as chief of the tribe, represented American authority in his village, and that it would become him to set an example to his people.

Then he was informed that in the United States the custom of decorating houses with skulls no longer prevailed; and that they seriously objected to such practices. Consequently, it behooved him, as a representative of the American government, to keep abreast of the times in this regard.

The chief listened very gravely, but made no answer.

On a subsequent visit to the little village, the officer was greatly surprised to see what weight his words had carried, and what effect the Star Spangled Banner had on the savage people. Soldiers were drilling under the green trees; sanitation had been adopted, sweeping, heretofore unknown, had become a custom in the village, the skulls had been removed from the "Executive Mansion," and every evening the chief and his standing army failed not to face the flag, as it was slowly lowered from a bamboo flagstaff, where, during the day, it had floated over a village it had redeemed from seeming hopeless savagery.

Though mankind presents hideous extremes of condition, and yawning gulfs open between men, still there are mysterious cords binding us together, like a cable stretching from continent to continent. The ideal man can touch at some point every phase of life, and understand all conditions.

The cultured, intelligent American could realize the immense depth of that abyss, in which the native islander wallowed in ignorance, filth, and sin; on the other hand, the "Big Chief," accustomed to his savage surroundings, proud of a collection of skulls to testify of martial prowess, self-satisfied, and lapped in vanity, wholly ignorant of the enlightened condition of others, and wholly unsuspicious of superiority, in either priest or soldier; what could he see respecting the necessity of development or reconciliation? He would have remained in his benighted condition forever, had not some helping hand been extended to him from the heights above. The great American entered into his life, invited him to his home, showed him a higher ideal, made him feel that he was related to a better race, and that it was not only his privilege but his duty to live a more beautiful life. There is a tie between us,

he said; our privileges and duties are similar; we find security beneath the same flag; we are each permitted to take part in the same great government.

The chief was "born again," like a beggar suddenly thrust into the society of cultured ladies, he realized that he was filthy, blind and ignorant; new faculties were quickened within him; a love for the flag was kindled in his heart, and a higher ideal was photographed on his mind.

How natural was the regeneration, that the streets and huts put on a cleaner appearance; that the new symbol of power and freedom should be seen floating over the village, and that the chief and his people should meet night and morning to honor it; and that the hideous skulls should give place to more artistic decorations, these are miracles quite within the ken of man. It is only the operation of natural principles, they say, that is gradually raising the tribe from their abyssmal darkness, upward into the sunlight of a better life.

By experience, in developing the child in the home and the school, we find it necessary to have dependence, vicarious work, and sacrifice, in order that love, the true controlling and directing force, may be awakened. Then, as a guide to development, it is necessary to have definite rules prescribed, high ideals to work to, and good examples to follow. When ideas and theories of right are fixed in the mind, then the character should be tested, and these ideas matured by personal contact with the world, by actual experience with law. Such is the teaching of the incident related above; moreover, another important principle is pointed out by it, which is, that a man must feel he is related to higher things, and that there is something great in him, before anything great can come out of him.

If we should find, from revelation, that God, our Father, is suffering us to pass through our present experiences for the purpose of developing our powers, and that he has incorporated into his plan of redemption these very principles and conditions that the experiences of life have proved so effectual for developing, should we say he is unjust, or that the plan is too deep to be understood?

When God determined to carry out his eternal purpose, which

was to bring man into fellowship with himself, and redeem him from the bondage of sin, he commenced in the most logical way. He chose a mediator in the person of his Son, Jesus Christ, in whom his love was centered and his character reflected.

The mortal stage of life could be acted, or represented, only by one possessed of mortality; and the divine life, the life of God, could be reflected only by a person possessing a divine nature: hence, the necessity of the conception brought about by the power of the highest overshadowing the Virgin Mary, and the result, which was Jesus Christ, the Son of Mary, the Only Begotten of the Father, the Son of God and the Son of Man.

As has been observed, in order to develop a true character, we must have a standard by which to measure our actions. We can measure all things only by comparison.

When we have heard and become familiar with the sweetest singers and the most logical and eloquent speakers, then we are able to measure the degree of perfection attained in these lines by any of the lesser lights. When we have seen the master-pieces in art, and studied them until all their beautiful colors, their graceful lines, their depth of feeling and purpose become thoroughly photographed on our minds; we can at once judge and compare every effort along that line, and determine its relative worth and fitness, though it may take us years to develop the skill to reproduce such works ourselves.

If the character of God is reflected in the life of Jesus Christ, and that true ideal becomes fixed in our minds, it will not only enable us to judge the actions of others, but it will stand as a constant pattern for us to live by. Hence, we may understand, and, as in the case referred to above, we may be able to comprehend a true character long before we have reached perfection ourselves.

Paul sums up this philosophy in the following verse: "But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."—II Cor. 3: 18.

The glory referred to in this exquisite passage can be nothing else than the character of God. The meaning is, that we are changed by this simple rule from a bad character to a good one, and from a good character to one still better.

Objects are understood as they appear on the magic mirror of the mind, and they are reflected back in our words, actions and appearance. If we adjust our mind so that any given phase of character, good or bad, is constantly reflected upon it, we will gradually be changed into the very likeness of that character. We instinctively judge a man's environments and associates by his appearance, words and actions.

There is another statement made by the inspired writers, that is fully born out, and proved by experience, and that is that "man by his own wisdom cannot find out God;" and not only has the Author of Life remained beyond the reach of our mental vision, but the question of life itself, its origin, its purpose, how it should be lived, and how we might escape the toils of sin, and the pain and death that lay within its folds, these are questions that have baffled the skill of the philosopher.

Hence, man was in a condition from which he could not extricate himself, and when Christ undertook the mission to save the whole world, man was dependent on him for salvation.

Christ was to be the head of the Church, as the father is the head of the family, and I think we can see the relative position we occupy as children. The child is dependent for physical growth; man is just as dependent for spiritual development.

We find here the first condition necessary to develop, that of dependence on the part of man, also one, even Jesus Christ, ready to do a vicarious work; and, endowed with both a human and a divine nature, he is ready to give to man an example, and reveal the mystery of life. In proceeding to the accomplishment of this task, he commenced life at the very lowest point of human experience, and rose step by step, leaving his path clearly defined, meeting every temptation, obeying every law, enduring all sorrow, and sympathizing with others in their afflictions; then revealing the mystery of life and death, proving life to be eternal; and death, to be only a curtain between life and death and a deathless life; finally bridging, with his resurrected body, the chasm between mortality and immortality; and, standing at the head of that shining ladder by which he had climbed from his cradle in Bethlehem to a seat on the throne of God, he is asking us to follow in his steps.

As our minds gradually unfold to grasp this wonderful reve-

lation, we see a searchlight breaking across the gloomy valley of death; the gulf commences to close up, and the lines of life reach to the other side.

We have seen how knowledge has closed up mental and physical gulfs in life; knowledge also throws its lines across spiritual gulfs.

In the great example, we see every barrier scaled, every gulf bridged; matter following spirit in the flight.

The gulf between matter and spirit is first filled by the knowledge that matter is the organ of spirit; spirit is the impelling force, matter, the means of manifestation; spirit, the enlightened cause, matter, showing the effect; each one necessary to the other, for spirit without organization would be diffused power, and matter without spirit would be dead.

The gulf between this life and the next is abolished by the conviction that the grave is but a receptacle for the spirit, and therefore no check to advancement; on the contrary, all our lines of experience run directly through it; and far beyond, the light of hope still glimmers, even where our feeble imagination, inflamed by fear and beclouded by ignorance, once painted a *region* of despair or oblivion.

Finally, the mind, borne above the troubled waves by such an agency, gradually extends the lines of life and feeling across the widest ocean open before man—that eternal expanse which reaches between God and mortal life. We see in God a human element, and in man a divine spirit. The character of God is reflected in the peerless humanity of Jesus Christ; the highest ideals of man reaches a point where the cords of sympathy are united, the love of God and the love of man being centered in the same soul; and, feeling the sublime relationship, we cry out, “Abba, Father,” and Christ answers, “Ye are the sons of God, and we are brethren.”

Ideally we have crossed the chasm, and reached the sublime heights beyond, and witnessed our possibilities, but we must return to life and its realities, like the old chief to skull-bedecked, bamboo hovel.

We feel that we have been dreaming, but we need not be discouraged; the mind cannot reach beyond its possibilities; the-

wildest fancies of the past have become the common-place realities of the present.

The native chief could not remain in the paradise he had visited, nor reach in one bound the higher elevations of this life; but, holding on to the new attachment, he could climb step by step toward the realization of his hopes.

Let us hold fast to this line of thought while we examine a little more, in detail, this wonderful example.

Jesus Christ was, in the broadest sense of the word, a teacher, but he did not attempt to solve mathematical problems, nor display mechanical ingenuity; he did not even write a scientific treatise on theological dogmas. He simply defined the rules of personal progress, and established a perfect social system, to meet the requirements of community life.

He confirmed truth, vindicated justice, proved the beauty and worth of virtue; illustrated, represented and glorified the traits that belong to every man and woman.

Christ was, in fact, the ideal man. He could touch at some point every phase of human experience.

He could meet the wise men of the Sanhedrin, who felt that they had compassed all knowledge, because they had committed to memory the "Law and the Prophets." By an easy and pleasant conversation, on topics of common interest, he could awaken their sympathy; then, by a few well chosen questions, he could make them realize the steps they must climb before they could stand with him on the summit of pure knowledge.

He could sit by the well and talk as patiently to the fallen woman of Samaria; and, while manifesting his regard and sympathy for her person, make her feel, at the same time, the contempt he had for the sins she had committed. He entered the fisherman's narrow world of thought and action, and watched with keen interest while they toiled so incessantly to make their meager hauls from the Sea of Tiberias; and he indicated his approval of their humble and useful labor, by letting them know that he needed just such honest, earnest work in a greater and grander cause. "Follow me," said he, "and I will make you fishers of men." Instinctively, they obeyed, and gradually their eyes were opened to the grandeur of his character, until they could say, "Thou art

Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God.” And the response came, “Yes; I am the Son of God, and you are my brethren, for God is your Father also; and where I go you may come. We will be joint heirs in my Father’s kingdom, if we all serve him faithfully.”

Inspired by such faith, stimulated by such sublime hope, in the presence of such a plain but perfect example, is it not most natural that their minds should unfold, that they should remove the hideous skulls of folly, put on a cleaner and brighter appearance, and look, night and morning, upward toward the great King they were to serve? And as Christ led them away from their boats and fishing nets, into a school of training, whence in due time they should emerge the legally constituted officers of a kingdom destined to dominate the hearts of men, is it not most natural that he should treat them like children and servants, requiring them to do his bidding, by confidence rather than knowledge? Nor is it less natural that a little later he should say to them, “Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth; but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you.” (John 15: 15.)

So, they began to understand him, and to realize the meaning of his laws and plans, and to him they grew not only interesting, because they were God’s children, but actually became companionable. Continuing, Christ said to them, “I have chosen you, and ordained you, that whatsoever you ask of the Father in my name, he may give it you.” In other words, you are officers now in the kingdom of God, and, in the name of him who ordained and commissioned you, your petitions may be directed to the great King whom we both serve.

Christ took occasion, at this time, to make a few wise suggestions, or rather, in a suggestive way, he gave a direct command in relation to their conduct in upholding the dignity of their new position: “These things I command you, that ye love one another. If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you. If ye were of the world, the world would love his own: but because ye are not of the world, * * * therefore the world hateth you.” (John 15: 17-19.)

His instructions might be summed up thus: Hatred, strife, envy, seeking to dominate others, taking revenge on enemies, a display of selfishness in absorbing the wealth of others; all these things are ornaments not appreciated in the kingdom from which I come; in fact, they are very distasteful, and it will please the King if you will remove all such hideous skulls from your habitations, and adorn them instead with self-sacrifice, humility, love and kindness." Is it not the most natural thing in the world for the character of Jesus Christ to be reflected in those humble men who loved him and kept his commandments? Is it not just as natural for these men to develop toward the ideal thus formed as for the Bogobo chief to develop toward the ideal he had found?

Some doubt the existence of Christ, because a few discrepancies have been found in the gospel narrative; scientific men have doubted his conception, as explained in the scriptures, and also his resurrection, because they do not understand the laws by which these things were accomplished.

Be this as it may, none can deny that descriptions and allegorical likenesses of him occur in the prophecies of the Old Testament, prophecies which become biographies in the New. His character thus preserved ascends as high above criticism as the heaven is above the earth.

In looking at every other character, whether real or fictitious, whatever be the garment of strength, we discover holes of weakness; but no one has been able to detect in the garment of Christ a seam, a rent, or even a faulty stitch. It may be hard for some to believe in his divine nature, but it would be harder still to attribute to frail humanity the authorship of such a life as he taught and exemplified.

The modern woman of Samaria still comes to the fountain for that water that will quench her thirst, and cool her fevered pulse, as it throbs with the disease of sin. The fallen woman, taken in the very act, still listens to the merciful judgment, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone," and is comforted with the words, "Go thy way and sin no more." Men living in the slums of society still meet him occasionally, and through his counsel and encouragement escape from the haunts of vice and the dungeon of ignorance.

A Shakespeare approaches his shrine for inspiration, and becomes the brightest star in the sky of literature; a Gladstone reads of his life and precepts, and finds his place in the front rank of statesmen; indeed, it is only as men ascend the loftiest peaks, and survey therefrom the widest plains of human experience that they begin to appreciate the vast heights they must climb before they can stand by the historic Christ, or approach him.

That Jesus Christ is the sun, the light, of the world, all history and experience prove. Men may surround his revelations with forms, symbols, dogmas and ceremonies, until the system looks like child's-play to the practical mind. Critics may find discrepancies in the oft translated records, and infidels may doubt their divinity; but his actions and precepts, as the standard of character, the true ideal, the perfect example, stand untouched by criticism, and unparalleled in the history of the race.

Summing up the argument, then, I may say that the happiness of the race depends on the character of the people; to develop a true character, the race must have a true standard, that standard is furnished in the life of Jesus Christ, and in no other. So far, then, as the example is concerned, reason and experience support the claim made for it by revelation.

But why should Christ be put to death, and how does his death in any way affect us? This phase of the atonement will be discussed in the following chapter.

New York City, N. Y.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.)

LET US ALL BE WHAT WE ARE.

(For the Improvement Era.)

The simplest words that the voice can raise
May cut with the deepest pain;
'Tis the hearty Yeas and the honest Nays
That make or break friendship's chain.

'Tisn't wholly the word-painted, bookish boquets
That bring to the speaker renown;
'Tis the sincere ring in each homely phrase,
That awards him the victor's crown.

The sweetest flowers that scent the breeze
Are not from the hot-house lair;
The man whose trousers wear out the knees
May not utter the deepest prayer.
It isn't the depths of the ocean blue—
That betoken the frothing foam:
It isn't the furniture's costly hue
That endears to the heart the home.

The man whose "chance" it is to rule,
Perhaps would be best in jail;
It isn't always the greatest fool
Whose tests at the college fail.
We cannot judge from each doleful moan
Whose grief is the greatest here,
For the saddest tears may be shed alone
Where no one is list'ning near.

Don't scoff, nor point with the hand of scorn
At the man with the ragged coat—
The millionaire isn't an angel born,
Nor as such does his dress denote.
Don't curse at the vet'ran drunken man
Who staggers a-down the street;
He's one in Misfortune's caravan—
He'll come to his own defeat.

The Golden Rule is for one and all
Who dwell upon God's green earth;
And when you have answered Death's sure call,
You'll be judged for your honest worth.
Each kindly deed has its recompense—
We are placed here to make or mar;
And e're we take our departure hence,
Let us all be what we are.

WALTER EMMETT.

Ogden, Utah.

A CUSTOM—AN OPPORTUNITY.

BY ELDER LEHI LARSEN, JR., MISSIONARY IN NEW ZEALAND.

I have labored among the natives of New Zealand, for more than a year, and have become accustomed to their ways of living, as well as their curious customs. During the winter months, we elders are kept very busily engaged with the sick, owing to the cold and severe weather. On one occasion, the only child of one of the natives was taken very ill, the father being away at the time, preaching the gospel in the district of Wanganni and Hawkes' Bay, whither he had been called by the president of the mission. Owing to the sickness of his child, he was sent for immediately. My companion, Elder John A. Southwick, and I were watching over the child, day and night. It became seriously ill. It is the custom on such occasions to call together to the bedside of the sick one the whole of the tribe, or all the relatives. On such occasions everybody goes. At one time, I asked a native regarding their relatives, and he answered, "Maoris are all relatives to me;" therefore, there is no end to their large gatherings. On the following Sunday, the child began to sink, and at three o'clock in the afternoon, died. At the moment of his death, the father, mother, and all who were close to him, were weeping and calling out the form of their farewell speech: "Our dear son Amorehu, go to your fathers in safety." Then all the natives, large and small, old and young, women, men and children, cried and wept aloud. This wailing they call *tangihanga*, or time of weeping. The natives come from all parts of the country, to show respect to the deceased, and spend days, weeks, and even months, making speeches to the spirit of the deceased and its relatives. They not only spend the time in weeping, but also in feasting. They kill their fattest sheep and beeves, purchase tons of potatoes, great amounts of sugar, canned fruits, jams, jellies, crackers and flour. Besides this, they have their various foods from the ocean which they deem their choicest foods. During these times of weeping, the custom gives the elders a chance to take part in

making speeches to the parents and relatives of the dead, and in this way we get an opportunity to explain to them the principles of the gospel, and the ordinances thereof. We are also given an opportunity, on such occasions, to give other speeches, necessary for the lifting of the natives to higher ideals of living, and to show them the folly of some of the customs and traditions of their forefathers.

While the readers of the ERA are enjoying wools, furs, and sleigh-riding, we are eating our new potatoes, strawberries, gooseberries, etc. We wish you all a happy new year.

Mahia, New Zealand.

THE ART OF DOING WITHOUT.

There's a beautiful art that is sadly neglected,
And, daily, I wonder to see it rejected
By some who'd be healthy, wealthy, and wise,
By just condescending to open their eyes,
And look at things fairly, with never a pout:
I refer to the fine art of doing without.

"Why that's nothing wonderful," maybe you'll say,
"I do without things I want, every day."
Quite likely you do, but how do you do it?
With good grace, or with face like a bluet?

For there's a wonderful difference, just jot that down,
Between giving up things with a smile, or a frown;
And that is precisely the difference between
The artist and bungler—you see what I mean.

You can't do as you like? then do as you can.
I'm sure you will find it the very best plan.
Can't have what you want? take what you can get,
No better advice has been patented yet.

'Tis the bravest and blithest and best way by far,
Not to let little losses your happiness mar.

'Tis an art that needs practice, of that there's no doubt,
But 'tis worth it—this fine art of doing without.

DANIEL CONNELLY.

Eureka, Utah.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

PULPIT POLITICS.

The *Christian Herald* is a weekly paper devoted to the protestant denominations in this country, and was formerly edited by Rev. De Witt Talmage, a pulpiteer who was specially severe on the Latter-day Saints in his life-time. The paper has descended to other minds who, though in words and profession devoted to the advocacy of Christian truths, in reality are so narrow in sectarian bias that the old hypocrites and Pharisees of Christ's day in comparison seem broad and saint-like, indeed. It appears, too, that Reverend Talmage has a son, who is also a reverend, and who, as with the paper, has descended in like manner, into a rut of ignorant self-righteousness, narrow-minded bigotry, and Pharisaism. This same reverend, F. De Witt Talmage, writes sermons for the *Christian Herald*, and a late one, appearing January 17, this year, is directed against the Latter-day Saints, being intended to be a political pulpit shot at Senator Reed Smoot, and to influence against the Latter-day Saints the good old ladies and gentlemen of W. C. T. U. proclivities, who are filled with sectarian intolerance,—men and women who look upon any person having religious views not in harmony with theirs as unreasonable and wicked.

This Reverend Talmage is seeking prominence as a man of God, and among his special class is doubtless considered a leader, and is popularly looked up to as an exemplar. He pretends to teach the gospel of Christ, to inculcate the great Christian principle: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets." Yet, teaching them as facts, he takes occasion to repeat falsehoods about the

Latter-day Saints, without once having investigated for himself; or, if he has investigated, so much the worse for him, for he then becomes an original liar. It is surpassing strange that he should wish to wear the holy garb generally assigned to ministers, and yet be guilty of wilful misrepresentation, for the sole purpose of influencing the ignorant and uninformed against an innocent people. He appears to take it for granted that men of his class may falsify, lie, or misrepresent the truth, with impunity, if only their tirades are directed against the Latter-day Saints.

Out of the sermon referred to, I take as an example and quote only one selection from the many falsehoods which it contains. At the same time, I hereby stamp his assertion and insinuation that the Latter-day Saints are in abject servitude, and under unjust, tyrannical and dangerous priestly domination,—which idea it is intended shall be conveyed to the public by said sermon—all for present political effect—as base, unjustifiable slanders, false in fact and conclusion.

In that part of his sermon which refers to the Newman-Pratt discussion, held years ago in Salt Lake City, Reverend Talmage claims that when he was a young man he entertained Dr. Byron Sunderland of Washington, D. C., former chaplain of the U. S. Senate, and pumped him dry of all his reminiscences of great men like Webster, Clay, Lincoln, Blaine, and others. He finally asked Dr. Sunderland to say who was the strongest personality he had ever known. Whereupon the doctor related the following incident, at least so says Reverend Talmage, though I do not believe Dr. Sunderland, who appeared to be a gentleman, ever uttered such glaring falsehoods as Dr. Talmage would have his flock believe:

The scene was not in Washington; it was in Salt Lake City. The man was not Webster or Clay; he was Brigham Young. Many years ago the Mormon Church challenged the Gentiles to a debate; and some of the leading ministers of the east took up the challenge. Bishop John P. Newman of the Methodist church and myself were delegated to meet the Mormon representatives. The debate took place in the Mormon Tabernacle, which holds some ten thousand auditors. The debate had been going on for some days, and we had come to the closing night. Bishop Newman was summing up and making his peroration; with the skill of an accomplished orator he was wheeling his facts into line; and he said substantially: "Therefore, if this is so, and if that is so, and if the other thing is so, then we are

forced to the conclusion that Mormonism stands for nothing else besides licensed libertinism and wholesale fraud." Ten thousand angry men and women instantly leaped to their feet and began to press down toward the platform. The cry was taken up everywhere: "Lynch him! Lynch him! Kill him! Stab the heretic's heart! Kill him! Lynch him now!"

I sat beside Newman at the time, continued Dr. Sunderland. I did not see one avenue of escape. Suddenly Brigham Young arose and stepped to the front of the platform. He swung his arms out over that cursing, swearing, angry mob and uttered just two words: "Sit down." They dropped into their seats as the grain falls before the hiss of the scythe. That was to me the most marvelous scene I ever witnessed. As I came under that leader's spell, I realized that he was one of the greatest of men and one of the most dangerous, if not the most dangerous to American liberties, who has ever trodden American soil.

I attended every meeting of this discussion, and I testify in all truth that no such incident as here related about the action of President Brigham Young ever occurred. There was no occasion for it, for Dr. Newman made such a mess of his attempt to prove from Leviticus 18: 18 that polygamy was not taught in the Bible, or practiced by Moses and the patriarchs, that the congregation were rather kept in the utmost good humor, out of sympathy for Dr. Newman for his failure. Furthermore, the Church did not at that time challenge the Gentiles to debate on this question; it was purely a challenge from Dr. Newman to President Brigham Young, and the latter referred the subject to Elder Orson Pratt. It will be seen, then, that about all the truth there is in this whole quotation, aside from the fact that Brigham Young was a great man, is this one sentence: "The debate took place in the 'Mormon' tabernacle, which holds some ten thousand auditors." With these facts before us, I think it important enough to pronounce Dr. Talmage's tirade false, and I believe it is evidently concocted for political effect. I believe he has invented the story for the purpose of attempting to falsely show that the Latter-day Saints are under a tyrannical power; and that he has maliciously asserted the fallacy to influence and inflame the public against this people; to induce the uninformed to believe that the "Mormons" are in menial servitude and abject slavery to their leaders, all of which is contrary to the truth and the facts in the case, and infamous nonsense.

But this is only one lie in his sermon, in which he also falsely

charges Joseph Smith—a new but stolen fad—with being a “crack-brained epileptic;” and that the “Church stands unblushingly for graft * * * and the degradation of women, not only through the evil door of sin, but also through the narrow door of superstition,” and so on.

But all his statements are as easily refuted as the story of the debate, for there is no string of truth in them. The Church itself, with her thrifty, prosperous and happy people, in fifty stakes of Zion, and in over six hundred wards in the mountains of our country's great and free West, is refutation enough for the false assertions which he makes against the Prophet Joseph; and as far as the virtue of women is concerned, and men, too, the Latter-day Saints have no fear of comparison with the men and women of the world, or with the misled, venomous and bigoted *Christian Herald*, or even Reverend Talmage himself.

The Latter-day Saints are taught correct principles, and they govern themselves, and are the freest people in our free and glorious Nation; for, besides the inestimable blessing of American liberty which they enjoy, they are in possession of the truth of the restored gospel of Jesus Christ which has made them doubly free.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

FOR THE YOUNG MEN.

In this issue the publication of a series of six articles is begun, “Concerning the Education of Young Men,” by Milton Bennion, M. A., Professor of Philosophy in the University of Utah. He is a man of experience and education, who has received valuable training, not only in schools of learning, but in his experience with young people. Every young man in the land will wish to read this series: 2 The Obligation to Serve; 3 Home Activities; 4 Home Reading; 5 In High School and College; 6 Selecting an Occupation. The ERA is pleased to be able to present this extra feast, in addition to the many good things promised in the prospectus.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS.

[Under this heading the ERA will devote this page to short, pithy paragraphs from the mission fields. We invite contributions from the elders in all the world.

This is a good place to record important events, and we trust the missionaries will make this department very interesting.—EDITORS.]

Elder Ammon Sims, of Brisbane conference, Australia, writes that there are six elders laboring in that conference. The Mutual Improvement Association is doing well and has a growing attendance; and the Sunday school is growing rapidly, many children being regular attendants whose parents are not members of the Church.

Elder J. Russon, of the Northern States mission, writing to the ERA, from Chicago, says: "We have a very interesting class of young men in this city, for which we are thankful, and pray that others will come and join us in becoming familiar with the substantial claims which are given in the Senior Manual, in up-building the truthfulness of the Book of Mormon. We pray for the welfare of Zion's leaders, and all her members."

President Heber J. Grant, in a note to the ERA, says that "the statistics for the British Mission show an increase of 531,906 tracts, 9,427 books, 58,086 conversations and 27 baptisms as against 1904. I need not tell you that I am very pleased indeed with the showing which the elders in this Mission have made for the past year. They have worked hard, and I am sure are happier and more contented than they were a year ago. I have always found that the more we do for the spread of the gospel, the happier we are in our labors. Our totals for 1905 were: 2,722,709 tracts, 62,182 books, 174,516 conversations, and 629 baptisms."

The *Elders' Journal* reports the burning of the L. D. S. church building recently completed on Harker's Island, N. C., in the latter part of January, by a mob. The building was erected by a few Saints assisted by the elders, at a great sacrifice. The island lies in the Atlantic a few miles from the coast, and the Saints floated their timber over owing to scarcity of building material on the island. They had engaged Elder William A. Petty to teach their school, so that their children might be educated, but now the children will have to meet in a private house. The mob has also threatened the lives of the elders. The *Journal* calls in all earnestness upon the proper officials in North Carolina to punish the perpetrators of the outrage, and all law-abiding citizens will join in the demand.

The *Millennial Star* of December 21, is devoted entirely to the Prophet Joseph Smith, and contains his portrait and a picture of his birthplace at Sharon, Vt. It has some excellent articles from President Joseph F. Smith, Elder B. H. Roberts, President Heber J. Grant, President Francis M. Lyman, Dr. James E. Talmage, Alma O. Taylor of the Japan mission, and Edward H. Anderson, Associate Editor of the IMPROVEMENT ERA. The number for December 28, also contains a continuation of the subject, the two forming the memorial number of the *Star*, to the one hundredth anniversary of the Prophet's birth. In the second number is a portrait of Patriarch Hyrum Smith, and there are interesting and valuable articles from Elders Richard W. Young, Warren H. Lyon of the South African mission; Hugh J. Cannon, George Albert Smith, Nephi Anderson, Henry E. Blood, Alexander Buchanan, Jr., Henry J. Lilly of India; Joseph E. Robinson, and Jens M. Christensen.

The *Star* has a circulation of 13,000, and the British as well as the whole European mission is in a prosperous and thrifty condition.

An elder in Germany writes to the ERA, that recently they baptized a steward from one of the ships sailing between Germany and South America: "He is an honest and thorough convert, and has surely a hard time to begin with. We had only been away from the house with him, some fifteen minutes, when the woman to whom he is engaged, and who is fighting us, came excitedly, asking that he should come at once, as some accident had happened at home, and his mother was there to see him. We learned afterward that for two hours his mother (who came thirty miles on purpose to save her twenty-eight-year-old son from the horrible, blood-thirsty, immoral 'Mormons'), and his bride tongue-lashed him, even going so far as to say that his head is turned. At last they left him, without so much as saying good night. I often wonder how many of our young people, and some old ones at home, have as strong a testimony as would enable them to remain true through such a trial. As individuals and as a people, we have scarcely enough faith, and appear to rely too much on money, until we are in danger of forgetting the Father, who gives us all. I know I can improve in these matters, very much."

Stuart Meha, a native elder of Norsewood, Hawke's Bay, New Zealand, writing Nov. 30, 1905, to Elder Benjamin Goddard, says:

"I was only a boy when you were out here on a mission; I recollect the time, however, when a quarterly 'huhi' was held at Poroma. It was there that I saw you. We have now in Waipawa, a lovely photo framed—beautifully executed—with a photo of all the elders who attended the 'huhi.' I am glad to know that Brother Bowles still retains his knowledge of Maori, as the *News* reports his making his speech in Maori, when a large reunion meeting of Pacific Islanders and returned missionaries, was held out there somewhere. I intend subscribing for the ERA, but I do not know where to raise \$2.00—two real American ones, I mean. The elders have not called in for a long time, so there is no likelihood of getting American money, before the boat leaves Auckland with the Frisco mail. I am very fond of the ERA, especially the "Talks to Young Men," and the "President's Editorials." The paper, being read with the proper spirit, helps to elevate the mind and develop a good character. I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

The *Elders' Journal* reports "that President R. Ray Nixon and Elder M. C. Smith of South Carolina conference, were called by telephone in the early part of December to the bedside of Sister Elvina Houver, who was in a dying condition, and who had been given up by four physicians. When the elders reached her bedside they administered to her and immediately the death pallor left her cheeks, and she began to revive. She became like herself again, and on the third day, after being administered to, she sat up for nearly one-half hour. Elders Joshua Finlinson and James L. Oman had the pleasure (?) of hiding in the woods, while an armed mob followed them up and passed on in pursuit of them. They searched until about midnight, and then returned, passing within a short distance of the brethren, which gave the elders the signal that the chase was given up and that it was time for them to go on unmolested, having been cared for by the Lord." The following remarkable case of healing is also reported in the *Journal* from the

Virginia conference: "On November 25 Elders John H. Gibbs and W. Aird Macdonald were laboring in Jackson, Va., when they were sent for to go and administer to the six-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Harris, who was suffering terribly with neuralgia of the stomach, being paralyzed on one side, and speechless. He had been sick in bed two weeks, and had been receiving the best medical attendance. Upon the occasion referred to he went off as though dead. The elders administered to him, and he opened his eyes. The next morning he was able to move his body, and he is now almost well."

From the 1905 official report of the Swedish Mission, in *Nordstjarnan*, it appears that there are 2,412 members of the Church in its five conferences composed of 28 branches. There are three High Priests, 21 Seventies and 40 Elders, laboring as missionaries, and there were 110 baptisms.

From the official report of the Scandinavian Mission, in *Skandinaviens Stjerne*, it is learned that there are 69 Elders laboring in Denmark and 61 in Norway; 1436 members in Denmark and 1540 in Norway. There have been 173 baptisms in Denmark and 132 in Norway, a total of 305 in the two countries. There were 111 children blessed. There are 35 branches in the mission.

From the official report of the Netherlands-Belgian Mission, in *De Ster*, we learn that there are five conferences, 48 missionaries, 2,121 members, and that there have been 184 baptisms during the year 1905.

IN LIGHTER MOOD.

An amusing incident occurred while the late Joseph Smith Memorial party were in Boston; the company, who started down to the afternoon service in Deacon street, were short of several Utah visitors, by some misunderstanding. Of those left behind, a well known Utah editor decided to tread the merry maze of Boston streets, and himself be his lone guide to an unknown hall, in an unknown street. But after an hour's swift walking, he began to despair, and at the same time to ask questions. Did any policeman, here or there, know where the Latter-day Saints or "Mormons" held their services? Alas, No! Not one grandly blue-coated, brass-buttoned individual had as much as heard of meetings and Latter-day Saints. At last, after another weary hour's search, the gentleman espied a daintily clad, demurely-stepping Miss, tripping along, evidently bound for church, for she carried in her hand a small book that looked for all the world like a "Mormon" Hymn Book. With a hopeful heart, and a brightened countenance, the Utah man advanced to the charming young lady, and courteously asked if she could direct him to the "Mormon" headquarters.

With a frozen, Bostonian stare, the vision opened her pearly lips to reply: "You can search me!"

Think of that, in aesthetic Boston, where one expects only the language of Emerson and Alcott! The startled gentleman fell back, and the vision passed on for alas, he had no desire to put her adjuration into effect.

OUR WORK.

RELEASED.

Having been called on a mission to Los Angeles and California, Elder W. B. Dougall, who has acted efficiently for some years as a member of the General Board, was honorably released from that position, at a meeting of the Board, January 24. He expressed the great pleasure he had experienced in his labors with the brethren and in the M. I. A. The members parted with him with the utmost good feeling, and their blessings go with him to his new field of action. We believe that thousands who have heard him in the M. I. A. gatherings in the past years will heartily join in wishing him pleasure and success in all his works.

LET THE MINUTES BE READ AND APPROVED.

It has come to the notice of the General Board that in a number of associations the minutes of the meetings are neither read nor approved. One of the objects of keeping records is that the whole body may be apprised of the association's official action. The organizations are, therefore, requested to have the minutes not only neatly and accurately taken and carefully preserved, but also read and approved. The little blank minute books, printed for the associations, are convenient for this purpose, and are great aids to secretaries towards uniform work. They should be carefully preserved, and in time may be bound, two or three together, in a durable volume.

COME PREPARED TO REPORT.

At a meeting of the General Board, held January 17, it was ordered that all stake officers of the Y. M. M. I. A., be and are hereby instructed to come to public meetings of the associations, and to ward conferences, prepared to give the status of their work if called upon. The importance of this action is apparent when it is known that some heads of ward and stake organizations are completely at sea if called upon unaware to give a report of the condition of their organiza-

tions. Every officer should have his work so in mind that he can report at a moment's notice what is being done. He should have the lines in his hands, and be up and doing. There is no excuse for an officer being ignorant of his business.

CHANGES IN OFFICERS.

At the quarterly conference of the Maricopa stake of Zion, at Mesa, Arizona, on December 3 and 4, the stake was almost completely reorganized in all its branches. Elder Collins R. Hakes, Jr., who has acted for over six years in the work, together with his assistants, were released, owing to his removal to Mexico, from the Superintendency of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations; and Elder Isaac H. Rogers was chosen as superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A., with Elijah Allen as first, and Nathaniel A. McDonald as second assistant, Lafayette Hill, secretary, Hugh Dana, aid. The new officers were set apart on Monday morning, and instructed in their duties, by Elders Francis M. Lyman and Rudger Clawson.

On November 1st, last, Elder Albert R. Lyman of Grayson was appointed Superintendent of San Juan stake, with Elmer Taylor of Fruitland, and Henry Wood of Monticello, as assistants. The former Superintendent, Fletcher B. Hammond, Jr., is filling a mission.

NOTES.

"A man never catches up with his good intentions for tomorrow."

"No material reward is comparable to the inward assurance that we have done our best."

If we would have powerful minds, we must think; if we would have faithful hearts, we must love; if we would have strong muscles, we must labor. These include all that is valuable in life.—*Farm Journal*.

"All men have their frailties, and whoever looks for a friend without imperfections will never find what he seeks. We love ourselves notwithstanding our faults, and we ought to love our friends in a like manner."

"Good music seems to give us a touch of the divine, and to put us in contact with divinity. It drives out evil thoughts, making us ashamed of them. It lifts us above petty annoyances and little worries of life and gives us a glimpse of the ideal which the actual is constantly obscuring."

The Arabs have a saying that all sunshine makes the desert. Men often sigh for entire exemption from care and sorrow. If this prayer were answered they would not be the men that they are. In the silent, dark hours character of a certain sweet, tender type is matured. Other kinds of character are brought out by the sunshine. God sends all kinds of weather to the soul which he would develop in his likeness.—*Selected*.

EVENTS AND COMMENTS.

BY EDWARD H. ANDERSON.

Joint Statehood Bill.—The program of the Republican party in Congress to consolidate New Mexico and Arizona in the joint statehood bill must appeal to impartial observers as an unfair treatment to a territory, which, however its political limitations, has in fact a political entity. In the formation of the western territories, there was really an understanding that as fast as their population justified, they should be admitted to the Union according to the boundaries which had been established. Arizona for many years has been establishing a political identity by which she has become known. Arizona has its own individual pride, its own ambition, hopes, aspirations, and plans for the future—in a political sense. To brush these all aside, as if they were mere sentiment, is hardly fair to the territory. If its people are not numerous enough for statehood, and if it is unfair to the rest of the nation to give it statehood, with its present small population, it is willing to wait.

Although New Mexico and Arizona are contiguous territories, their difference in history, and in population, make them as unlike as a western and an eastern state would be. Furthermore, there is no necessity for such a union, because the population of both territories is constantly increasing, and the Reclamation Act, intended to bring the desert again under cultivation, by impounding waters that can be used for irrigation, will make their territories both wealthy and populous at no great distant future. The people of Arizona have felt that their great reservoir projects would make their territory a most desirable home for those who may wish to take advantage of the new agricultural resources there.

Again, these territories have a resource that few people have any idea of. I refer to the great quantity of subterranean waters that can be brought to the surface at a comparatively small expense. These desert lands are as rich as any to be found anywhere on earth. The markets for the products are good. The means of generating power, either by electricity or from the great oil fields of Texas or southern California, are constantly cheapening. In the midst of these great expectations and reasonable hopes for the future, it seems really hard to compel Arizona to give up her political identity, to say nothing of the inconvenience to the people in the southern part of the state, by reason of the great distance they will have to travel to reach the state capital. When it is remembered that during the last twenty-five years, ten million acres of desert land have been

brought under cultivation, almost entirely by private enterprise, it will be seen that the encroachment upon the desert lands of the great west is going on rapidly. The reclamation of such an area means in dimensions a state the size of Massachusetts. Each year, the harvest value of these lands amounts to more than one hundred and fifty million dollars, and the land furnishes homes for two million people.

In 1902, June 17, the federal Government passed the Reclamation Act by which the national Government itself undertakes to redeem the great arid west. Twenty-four great projects for irrigating millions of acres of land in the western states and territories have been completed, and the construction work actually begun. The cost of these projects is estimated at one billion five hundred million dollars. The Panama canal is a small affair when compared with the reclamation of the west.

In view of Arizona's share of the expenditures in opening her rich desert lands, it is easy to be seen that its population may, before many years, rival in numbers most any one of the western states. Naturally Arizona would prefer to wait, to preserve her political identity, and enter the Union wholly distinct, in her state political rights, from New Mexico. By a vote of 194 to 150, the House of Representatives passed the bill, providing for the admission of Oklahoma and Indian Territory, and New Mexico and Arizona, into the Union, as two states, under the names, Oklahoma, and Arizona.

The Morocco Conference.—That Germany has a double advantage in the final outcome of the Morocco conference appears quite certain, from the nature of the conference, and from the fact that Germany may well expect advantages in a conference which she has found herself able to force upon both France and England. The nature of the conference is revealed by the call which Morocco at the instigation of Germany has made. When the call which was made in Arabic was translated, it appeared that the Sultan had asked the powers not for a plan of adjusting difficulties, but simply for advice about the troubles in Morocco. Now, suppose the advice given by the powers is not acceptable to the Sultan, and its acceptability will depend largely upon what Germany has to say. If the powers are all united, Germany included, then it is quite certain the Sultan will be compelled to take the advice. Suppose, on the other hand, that Germany is indifferent about what the Sultan does in the matter, and he refuses to accept the advice of the conference. Who can force it? Certainly France would not undertake to do so without the consent of Germany. The whole arrangement, when stripped of its verbiage, is simply a conference to consider the wishes of Germany in the modification of the treaty entered into between France and England for the political disposition of Morocco. The conference opened at Algeciras, Spain, January 16.

The Curious Political Conditions in Prussia.—Prussia is the principal state of the German empire. The Emperor is its king. The capital of Prussia is the capital of the empire; and, as a rule, the political policies of the state constitute a predominant influence upon the empire. The German parliament is

the Reichstag, and its members are elected directly by secret ballot, and in districts where the vote of the poor man is the same as that of the rich.

The state legislature of Prussia is known as the Landtag. It is the constitution of the Landtag that the present agitation in Prussia is intended to amend. The early Prussian constitution undertook to distribute political power on the basis of property qualifications and the popular vote. The lower house of the Landtag is known as the *Abgeordnetenhaus*, or Chamber of Deputies. It numbers 433 members who are chosen for five years by the following methods: The state is divided into districts, from each of which at least one deputy of the Landtag is chosen. In a few districts three deputies are chosen; in a majority of the districts, two. As these districts have not been changed since 1860, to meet the changed conditions of increased population in the great cities, it will be seen that those like Berlin suffer from the great inequality which has come to exist.

This, however, is not the most objectionable condition of the suffrage in Prussia, today. The deputies are not chosen directly, but by electors which are elected in the first instance from the division into which the districts are divided, each district being divided so that one elector is chosen for every two hundred and fifty souls. The primary voters, who vote for the electors, are divided into three classes. The first class consists of the largest tax payers, who collectively pay one-third of the taxes; the second, from the next largest class of tax payers who pay one-third; and the third class, the remaining tax payers in the district, or in the division. Each of these classes chooses its own electors for the given district. The electors then all meet and elect the deputy by a majority vote. It will be seen that, by this method, at most a few men of the first class enjoy as much power under such a system of suffrage as is enjoyed by the whole body of the third class. Quite naturally the working men of Prussia regard such a system as grossly inconsistent. They would also be pleased to enjoy a secret ballot which does not exist at the present time, the deputies being elected by an oral vote.

A like condition also prevails in Hamburg, a free city, which in its relation to the empire is similar to a state. There, however, the few who, under the constitution, enjoy advantages over the masses are not content with the advantages which they now have, but are seeking to make the inequality in the suffrage still greater.

Ecclesiastical Ward Changes.—Jens Nielsen was honorably released as bishop of Bluff Ward, San Juan Stake, Sunday, January 7, 1906, and L. H. Redd was chosen and sustained as bishop, with Kumer Jones and Francis Nielsen as counselors.—On January 13, John W. Bitton was sustained as bishop of the Riverside ward, Bingham county, Idaho—Henry M. Reid was ordained a bishop and set apart to preside over Orangeville ward, Emery Stake, January 14.—The same day, Anthon Nielsen was ordained bishop and set apart to preside over Huntington ward, with J. H. Killpack and E. G. Greary as counselors; at the same time, Henry G. Mills was sustained bishop of Deseret Lake ward, with Robert Draper and W. W. Lisonbee as counselors.—The same day, Bishop Walter J. Beatie was honorably released on account of failing health, from the bishopric of the Seven-

teenth ward, Salt Lake Stake, and Franklin S. Tingey was ordained and set apart to preside in his stead, with Arthur F. Barnes and David O. Willey, Jr., as counselors.—Samuel Dugmore was ordained and set apart as bishop of Sunnyside ward, Emery Stake, January 16.—At a special Priesthood meeting held Saturday, January 19, at Grantsville, August K. Anderson was ordained and set apart as bishop of Grantsville ward, Tooele Stake, with William J. Clark and John W. Anderson as counselors—Henry J. Garner was ordained bishop and set apart to preside over Plain City ward, Weber Stake, January 28, with Peter Folkman and Peter B. Green as counselors.

Died.—At Paradise, Utah, Monday, January 1, 1906, Edward Price, a pioneer of Cache county. He was born in Shropshire,¹ England, August 4, 1818.—At American Fork, Thursday, 4th, Thomas Barratt, one of the earliest settlers of that place, born in Loughborough, Leicestershire, England, March 10, 1830.—In Salt Lake City, Friday, 5th, Professor Thomas Radcliffe, one of Utah's best known and most talented musicians, born in Malta, about 70 years ago.—In Ogden, Monday, 8th, Sarah McIntyre, one of Ogden's earliest settlers, aged 76 years.—In Salt Lake City, Tuesday, 9th, Mary M. Neal, a pioneer resident of the city, born in New York, July 31, 1824.—At Monroe, Sevier county, Wednesday, 10th, Alfred Newby, a pioneer of southern Utah, born in Southwick, Staffordshire, England, August 21, 1822.—At Centerville, Thursday, 11th, Dina Holbrook Drake who, as a child, accompanied her parents in Zion's Camp, in 1834. She was born in New York, October 17, 1833, and came to Utah in 1848. The death of Sister Drake removes the last, but one, of those who were in Zion's Camp. Elder Nathan Tanner, who was an active member of that camp, still lives.—The same day, at Manti, Elizabeth R. Maiben, one of the oldest settlers of Manti.—In Ogden, Monday, 15th, Ambrose Shaw, a pioneer of 1847, born September 12, 1824, at Victor, N. Y.—At Randolph, Utah, Thursday, 18th, Hannah W. Spencer, a pioneer of that place, aged 77 years.—At Hyrum, Sunday, 21st, Joseph Smith Allen, a pioneer of Hyrum, born October 13, 1846.—At Payson, Tuesday, 23rd, Josh Hawkins, a pioneer of Payson, born August 6, 1835.—At Mendon, Wednesday, 24th, Elizabeth PettitWillie, a pioneer of 1847, born December 3, 1818, at New Rochelle, N. Y.—At Thatcher, Arizona, Thursday, 25th, Harriet A. Brown Tyler, a veteran of Kirtland days, and a pioneer of that place. She was born December 20, 1835, in Windsor county, Vt.—At Manti, Thursday, 25th, Phoebe Maiben.—At St. George, Utah, Tuesday, 30th, Hon. Robert C. Lund, President of the State Board of Equalization, and one of the leading citizens of the state.—In Provo, Wednesday, 31st, Prof. Albert Miller, of the B. Y. University, after an illness of two weeks. He was born in Thuringia, Germany, July 13, 1875.—At Pengaruddy, Wales, December 31, 1905, Mary Paxter, a faithful Latter-day Saint, nearly 101 years old.—At Sacramento, Cal., January 22, 1906, Lydia C. Phelps, wife of W. W. Phelps, born Rome, N.Y., January 14, 1827.

The Case of Senator Smoot.—The reopening of this case before the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections took place on Wednesday, February 7. Quite a number of Utah witnesses had been summoned and were in attend-

ance. Charles A. Smurthwaite, and Walter M. Woolfe, recent apostates from the Church, among them, but nothing new was elicited in the examination of the witnesses. There appears to be little interest in the affair, and the agitation comes principally from a few political opponents in Utah and Idaho. In all probability the case will be continued early in March. Women's petitions began being presented to the Senate February 20.

New King of Denmark.—On January 29, King Christian IX of Denmark was gathered to his fathers by a sudden but peaceful death. There could be no other monarch whose death would cause mourning in so many European courts, for he was known as the "father-in-law of Europe," on account of his numerous family connections with reigning houses. He was born in Schleswig-Holstein, April 8, 1818. In 1852, he was made heir to the throne of Denmark, and on the death of Frederick VII, became king, November 15, 1863. He married Princess Louise of Hesse-Cassel, in 1842, and they had six children—Frederick VIII, who now becomes king; Alexandra, Queen of England; King George of Greece; Dagmar, Dowager Empress of Russia, and whose son is now Czar; Thyra, Duchess of Cumberland; and Waldemar, who married Marie of the French Royal House of Orleans. Frederick VIII, the new king, proclaimed ruler January 30, married Princess Louise, daughter of Charles XV of Sweden, in 1869, and they have eight children, the eldest of whom, Prince Charles, recently became King Haakon, of Norway. He is a great admirer of America, and reads closely our best literature. The late king was democratic and unostentatious in manner, lived a goodly life and a long one, and made a reputation as a husband and father rather than as a ruler. His quiet and moral family life in Copenhagen has been a model for all the courts of Europe; and the simple tale of Christian and Louise is a pleasant story of love, good manners, honest living, and a happy life. His body was buried with the usual ceremonies, on Sunday, February 18, in the cathedral at Roskilde, among the tombs of the Danish kings who for a thousand years have found their resting place in this ancient capital of the kingdom. His favorite horse, Jussuen, was led immediately behind the hearse from the church in Copenhagen to the railway station, and, on the evening of the 16th, was shot dead, according to an ancient custom of the Danes.

Passing of Apostle M. W. Merrill.—On Tuesday night, February 6, 1906, at Richmond, Utah, Elder Marriner W. Merrill, one of the Twelve Apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, laid down the burdens of this life and passed to his reward among the faithful. On Saturday, 10th, his body was laid to rest, the services being held in the Richmond tabernacle. Presidents Anthon H. Lund and Francis M. Lyman with a number of members of the quorum of Twelve Apostles were present and offered touching tributes to their fellow laborer's worth and work. There were nearly two thousand people in attendance.

Apostle Merrill was born September 25, 1832, in Sackville, New Brunswick, and was the fourth son of Nathan Merrill and Sarah Ann Reynolds who had thirteen children. He came to Salt Lake Valley in September, 1853, the year after his baptism which took place in April, 1852. He settled first in Bountiful, and was later, in the winter of 1859-60, called to settle in Cache Valley, which he did, after-

wards founding Richmond, of which settlement he was chosen second bishop in 1861, holding the office for eighteen years. He engaged in railroad work on the Utah & Northern, and it was here that he made his financial start, and gave remunerative employment to the people and to his own family. He invested his earnings in land and a grist mill. He went on a mission in 1870, was chosen stake counselor to W. B. Preston in 1879, which office he held for ten years, acting also under President C. O. Card. In 1884, he was called as president of the Logan Temple; and in 1889, was ordained an apostle by President Wilford Woodruff. He went east on a genealogical mission in 1890, and in October, 1899, was appointed president of the Cache Stake of Zion. He served also in civil affairs, being a member of the legislature for two terms, 1876-78, once in the house and once in the council. He was postmaster for twenty years; a member of the county court for ten years; a member of the Agricultural College Board for four years.

His family is one of the largest in the Church. His children number forty-five, only five of whom are dead. His sons and daughters are prominent in social and educational circles, and highly honored and industrious citizens of the community. He himself was a wise counselor, a good and honest man, thrifty, full of zeal, a worker from the beginning, who possessed superior physical, and practical power, strong character, indomitable will and splendid ability in discipline. He was true to his testimony, to the end, and had abiding faith in the gospel and in the work of the Lord. He had experienced many remarkable spiritual manifestations, and possessed a sympathetic and generous nature, supplemented by an earnestness and sincerity that constituted one of the leading charms of his personality.

Political Changes.—On Thursday, February 15, William Spry, state chairman of the Republican party, took his place as U. S. marshal for Utah, *vice* B. B. Heywood. He resigned his former position as member of the State Land Board, and in his place Governor Cutler has nominated William J. Lynch, who was the nominee of the Republican party for Mayor of Salt Lake City, in the November election last. The death of R. C. Lund of St. George left a vacancy in the State Board of Equalization, which has been filled by the Governor by the appointment of R. R. Tanner of Beaver county, who is a Democrat. All of the new appointees give general satisfaction, and are capable and well qualified for the positions. It is announced that E. D. R. Thompson will be endorsed by the Utah Congressional delegation for Register of the Salt Lake Land Office, and that F. D. Hobbs, who has heretofore held that office, is endorsed for Receiver, an office heretofore held by George Albert Smith, who is not a candidate for re-appointment. Everybody will be pleased to know that Mr. Hobbs is to be retained in the land office.

Ira N. Jacob Dead.—Ira N. Jacob, a Utah pioneer of 1848, died at Loma Colo., Feb. 9. He was born in Hancock Co., Ill., Oct. 16, 1840, and was baptized into the Church at eight years of age. His father was a member of the first company of pioneers in 1847, returning and bringing his family to the Valley the following year. Although only eight years of age, Ira drove an ox team across the plains, in 1848, and was among the first settlers of Provo Valley, going to that place from Payson. He moved from Provo Valley to the Ashley country, in 1885, and came to Loma in 1902, where he died in the faith.

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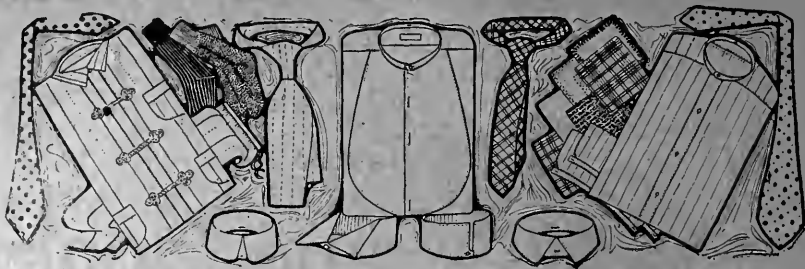
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